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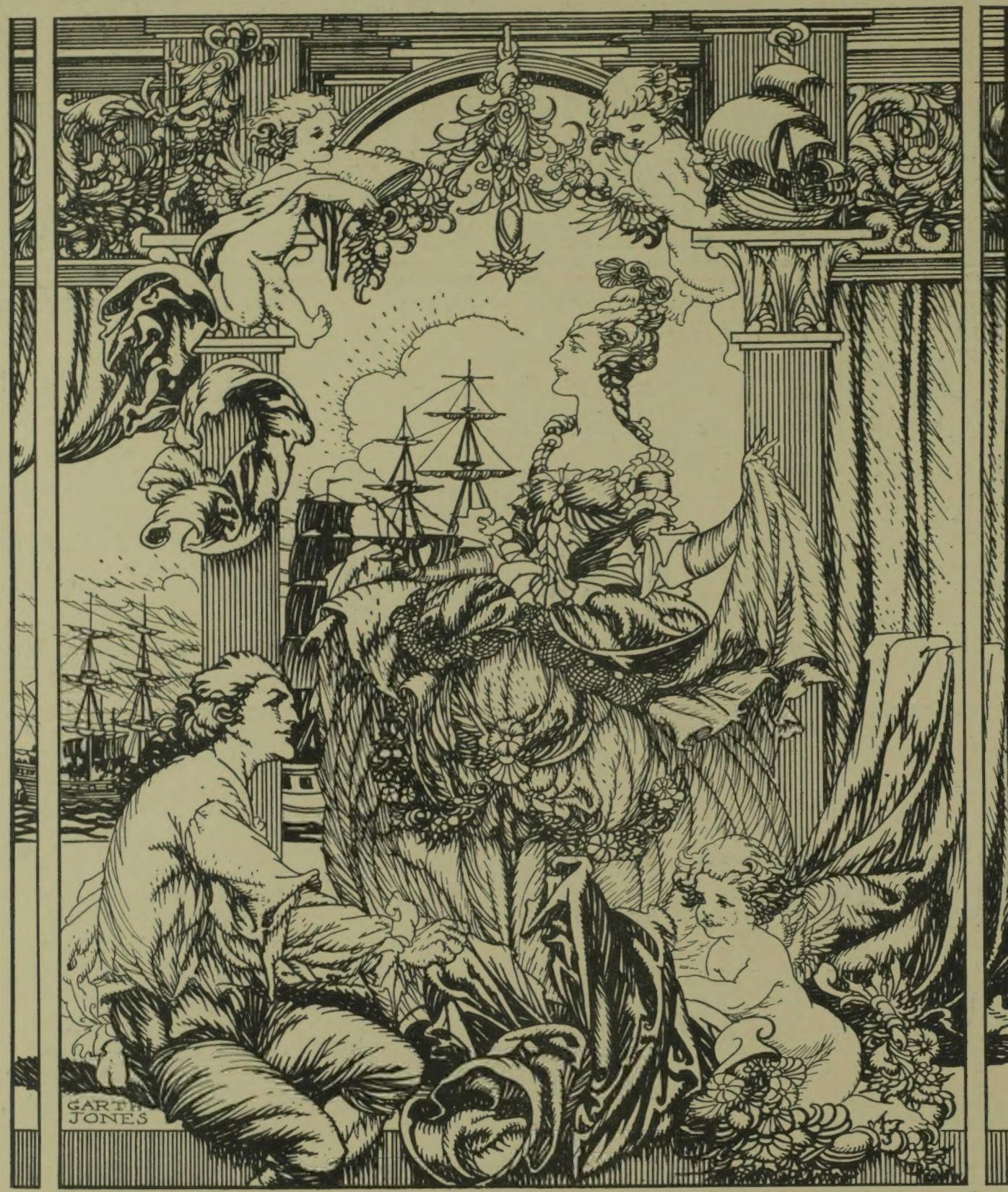
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THE PAGEANT OF PEACE AND PLENTY



Drawn for Lever Brothers Limited by Garth Jones

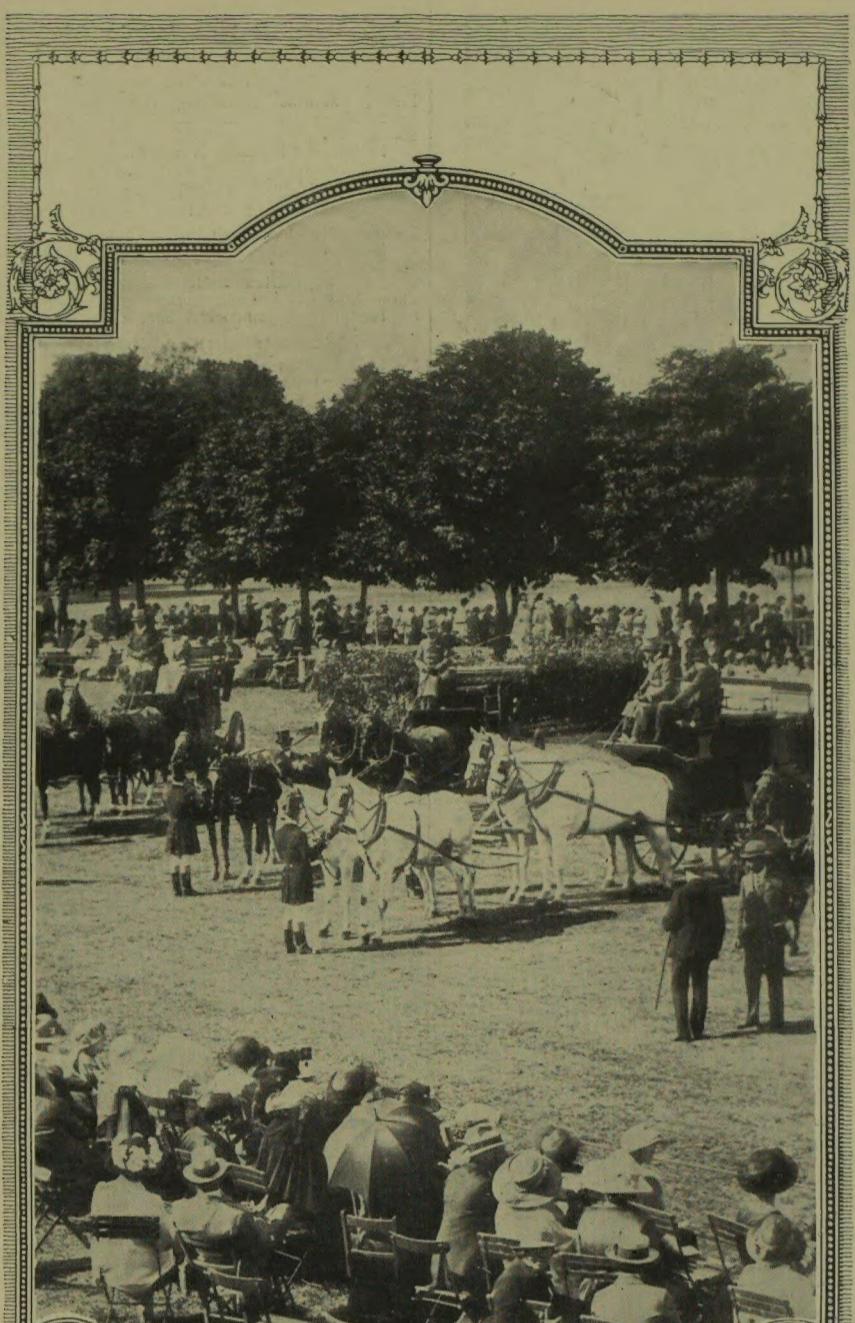
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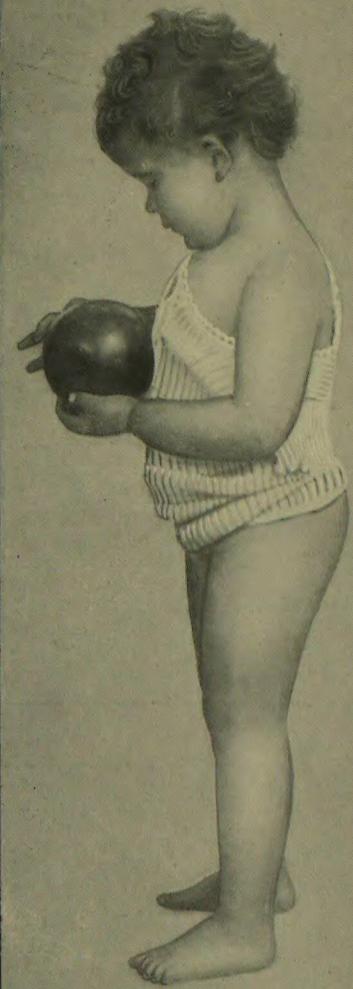
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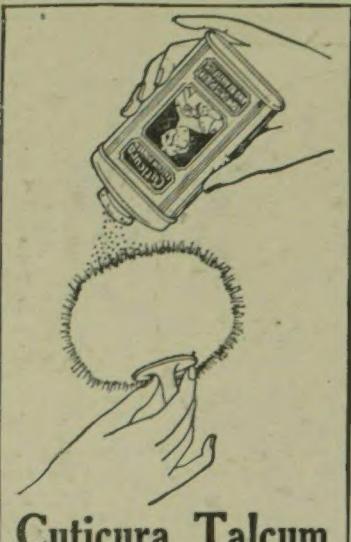
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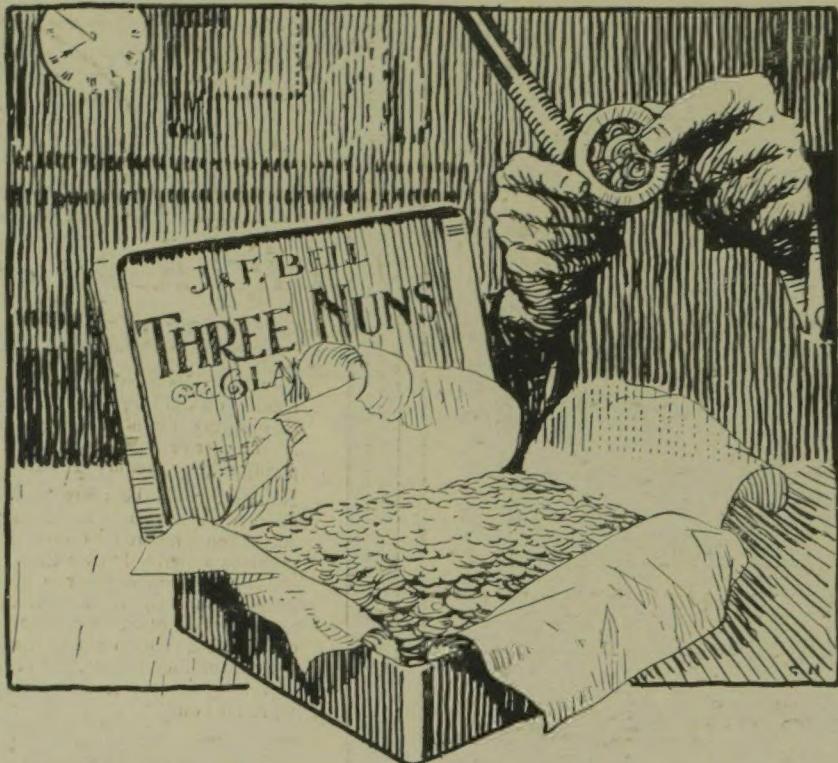
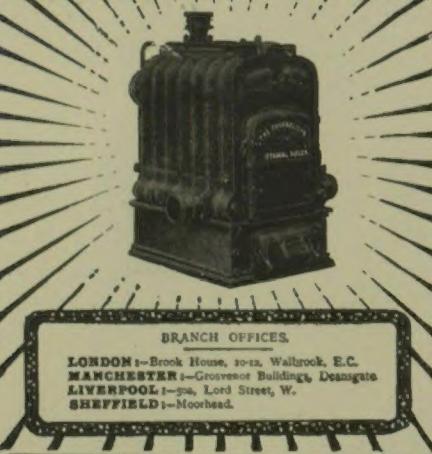
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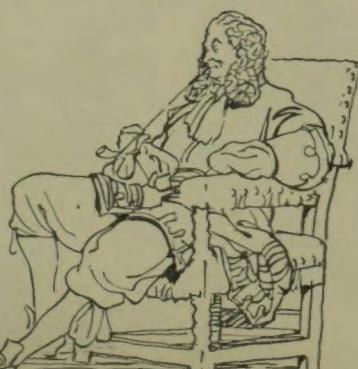
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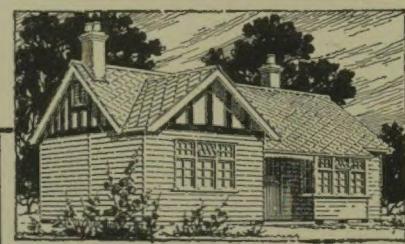
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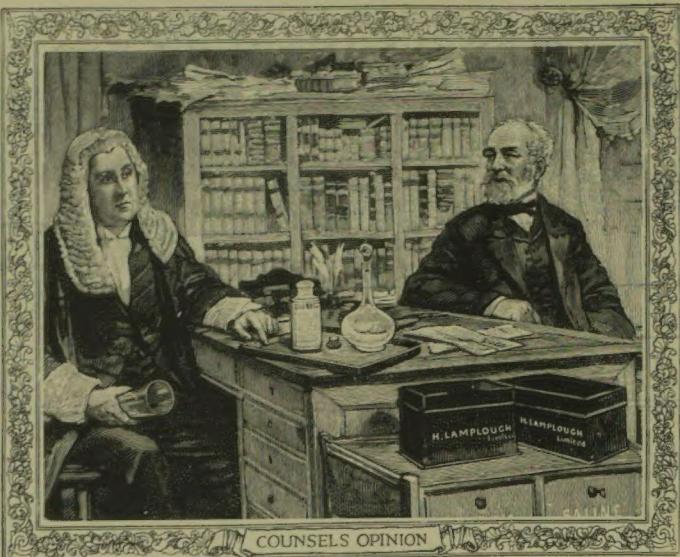
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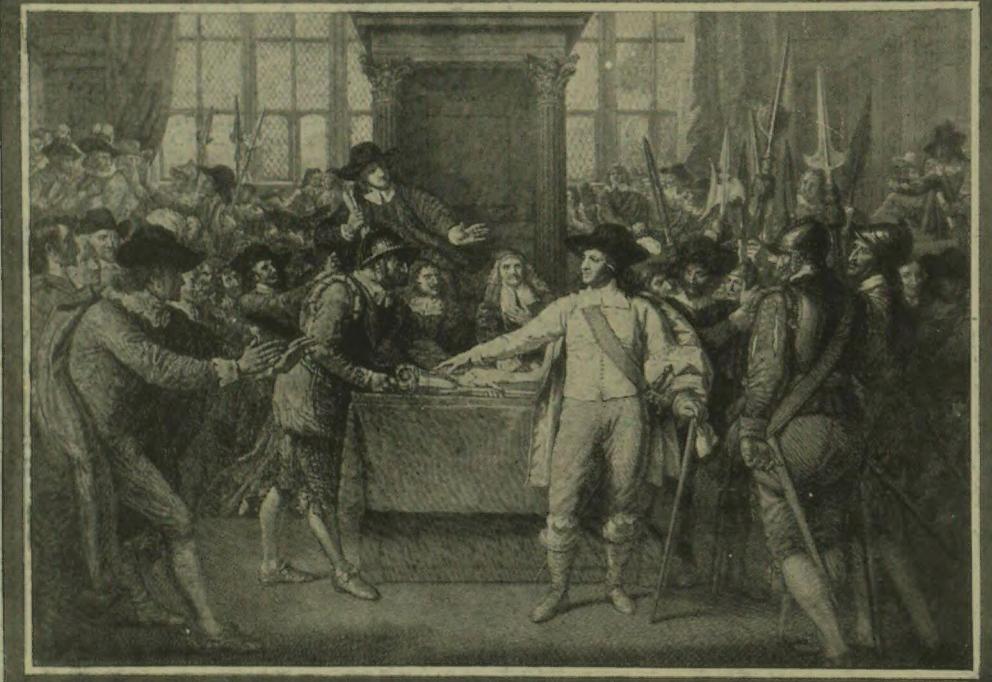
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CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT, 1653.

On April 20th, 1653, Cromwell entered the House of Commons with the object of dissolving Parliament. He harangued the members fiercely, suddenly checked himself and summoned the guard to clear the House. "What shall we do with this fool's bauble?" said Cromwell, pointing to the mace; "Here, carry it away!"

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Oliver Cromwell

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1924.

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CHINESE RACEGOERS AT SHANGHAI, WHERE AN INTERNATIONAL NAVAL FORCE HAS BEEN LANDED TO PROTECT THE FOREIGN COMMUNITY: NATIVE INTEREST IN WESTERN SPORT.

Shanghai is unpleasantly close to the scene of fighting in the civil war that recently broke out in China, and, to protect the large and important foreign community, an international naval force was landed from the Allied war-ships, which are under the command of Rear-Admiral D. M. Anderson, and a cordon was drawn round the city, to prevent it from being subjected to incursions by either of the belligerents, or to an influx of large masses of unarmed men. That

the native population of Shanghai takes a keen interest in sport introduced by the "foreigner" is evident from this interesting drawing by the well-known French artist, M. Sabattier, who has lately been in China. "The Chinese," he writes; "are passionately fond of gaming, and the native population of Shanghai which constantly frequents the course at the Race Club differs only in costume and facial type from the *habitues* of Longchamp or Auteuil."

FROM THE DRAWING BY L. SABATTIER. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

ALL have noted the case of the young Jews who figured in the newspapers in the doubly fashionable character of murderers and millionaires. It has a great many morals and aspects of interest; one is that it is one of the exceedingly few attempts ever made in the modern world to punish a millionaire for anything. It has largely failed. In another aspect it has a moral for those who are always telling us that Utopia will be built up upon the broad and solid foundation of Education. No types could be more completely educated, in the sense used by modern educationists, than these Jewish intellectuals. It is obvious that they reached the other end of nowhere, the last point of nihilism and anarchy, much quicker because of the speeding up of their mental development by education. If they had been utterly illiterate they might possibly have grown to a green old age in health and happiness. I do not use this to suggest the advisability of being illiterate, but I do use it to dispute the all-sufficiency of being instructed. In this case a process of education is another name for a process of exhaustion. This was because the education was connected with a false moral philosophy; but it is the same moral philosophy that can be found in three-fourths of the fiction and journalism we read to-day. It begins with what is called the philosophy of experience. It ends with exhaustion because it begins with experience. Nobody has the sense to stop it at the start by pointing out that it is nonsense for a Chinaman to say he has a right to the experiences of a Red Indian. It is nonsense for a pork-butcher in Huddersfield to say he has a right to the experiences of a pearl-diver in Ceylon. It is equally nonsense for a village maiden in Market Bosworth to say she has a right to the experiences of a film star in Los Angeles, though this right is the basis of many modern novels. And it is only a little more nonsensical for a young Yankee Jew to say that he has a right to the experience of being an assassin. It is all the same nonsense; and the answer to it is that all men have a right to justice, but no man has a right to experience. But if this common-sense condemns the boy murderers, it must simultaneously condemn nine-tenths of the boy and girl experimentalists who figure in realistic literature, and not a few who figure in real life. In other words, so long as education is valued for the sake of experience, and not for the sake of right choice and of the truth, any miserable little diseased monkey is entitled to say that one experience is as interesting as another, and this experience more interesting than most. But that is only another way of saying that we cannot settle education until we settle religion.

I have just read of a recent comedy in which a young lady justified her indifference to the Ten Commandments by saying that she felt that life must contain "something more." That is the philosophy of which Loeb and Leopold were ready to be the pioneers. If it is right, it is the religion of which Loeb and Leopold were ready to be the martyrs. They were most profoundly convinced that life ought to contain

Something More. They certainly gave their own version of the great American dogma—that a man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I for one believe in that dogma as it was declared by the dogmatist, as part of the purpose of the Creator. But the dogmatist in question conceived the lives as valued equally and the happiness as pursued normally. Here the right of the murderous youth to liberty rather impinged upon the right of the murdered youth to life. But the important point is still the definition of the pursuit of happiness; and whether it means what it meant in the Declaration of Independence or what it generally means in the sex novel of to-day. A man has a right to a reasonable chance of happiness, if he can get happiness out of normal conditions—out of human companionship and daylight and decently regular meals. I entirely agree that many modern capitalist conditions are not normal conditions, for people do not have regular meals or any meals, and sometimes hardly any daylight. Men have a right to reform in such things; but only because they are prepared to enjoy the broad daylight and their daily bread. But it is a very different business if the pursuit of happiness is to be understood as anything that will make a bored person happy. It is very different if it means not

rests this divine right of experiment. Yet it runs like a religion through a vast amount of the literature and talk of the time. Any number of novelists extend it to cover the destruction of homes; and it was only carrying it a little further to let it cover the destruction of lives. If adultery is an experience, so is murder an experience; and there is no reason to doubt that it is indeed a very intense experience. But perhaps it is not quite so intense as the experience of being murdered, or even of being hanged. Only those who have had these experiences can tell us how far they are forms of the pursuit of happiness.

What is needed is a rational re-statement, pointing out that the pursuit of happiness implies the capacity to be reasonably happy when we have got happiness. It does not mean that a man who is unreasonably unhappy without Imperial Tokay at tea-time must have it because he won't be happy till he gets it. For that sort of divine discontent is not the pursuit of happiness, but rather the pursuit of unhappiness. And the whole object of real art, of real romance—and, above all, of real religion—is to prevent people from losing the humility and gratitude which are thankful for daylight and daily bread; to prevent them from regarding daily life as dull or domestic life as narrow; to teach them to feel in the sunlight the song of Apollo and in the bread the epic of the plough. What is now needed most is intensive imagination. I mean the power to turn our imaginations inwards, on the things we already have, and to make those things live. It is not merely seeking new experiences, which rapidly become old experiences. It is really learning how to experience our experiences. It is learning how to enjoy our enjoyments. As it is, we are surrounded by a riot which is excused as the only way of being young, but which seems really to be a rapid way of growing old. At the end of that primrose path of "adventure" stand, like statues of Assyria or Babylon, those two horrible homicides, who, by a last and most horrible irony, were allowed to live on account of their youth. There is many a man of eighty who is young compared with them.

I fancy those two dark and sinister figures will come to stand for a good deal in the rather stormy

future of America. On the one hand, they dispose of a great deal of the sort of psychology that was only a new form of snobbery. If there is a contemptible creature alive, it is the criminologist who explains away crime as the result of poverty, with the delicate implication that it is only from poverty that we need expect crime. The answer to that sort of criminology is simply history, especially the history of crime. The criminologist implies that nobody will sin who is educated at a school for the sons of gentlemen only; and he seems to forget that Borgia and Gilles de Rais and the Marquis de Sade were certainly gentlemen and the sons of gentlemen.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

THE THORN IN SPAIN'S SIDE: ABDUL KRIM AND HIS MEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MR. G. WARD PRICE. COPYRIGHT BY THE "DAILY MAIL."



TYPICAL OF THE TRIBESMEN WHO MAKE CONSTANT ATTACKS ON SPANISH FORTIFIED POSTS: RIFF SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.



MUCH MORE SUMPTUOUSLY DRESSED THAN THE RANK AND FILE: A RIFF CHIEFTAIN'S SON (ON RIGHT) STARTING FOR THE FIRING LINE.

NOW that the Spanish campaign in Morocco, which has dragged on for so many years, has entered on a new phase, and the President of the Spanish Directory has himself gone to Morocco to take control of the operations, it is interesting to recall what manner of men the Spaniards are fighting. The above photographs were secured during the adventurous journey, a few months ago, by the famous war-correspondent, Mr. G. Ward Price, who in Arab dress succeeded in penetrating to the headquarters of the Riff leader, Abdul Krim. Writing in the "Daily Mail," Mr. Ward Price said: "From a mountain top one morning I looked down on to the

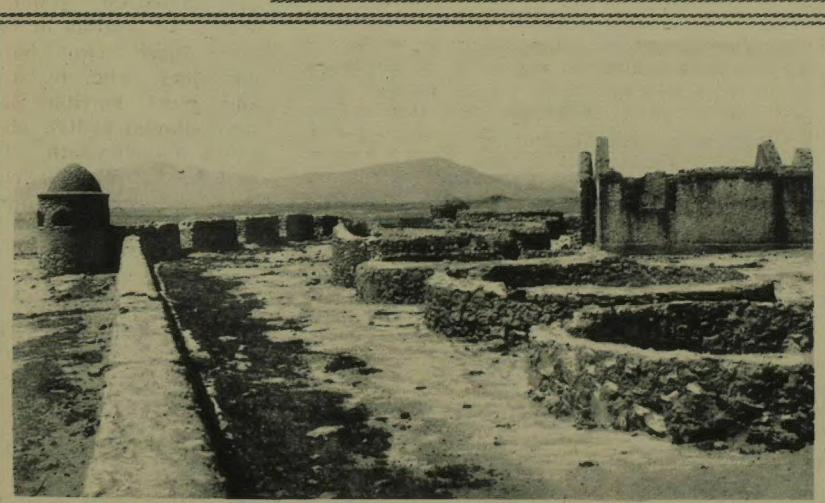
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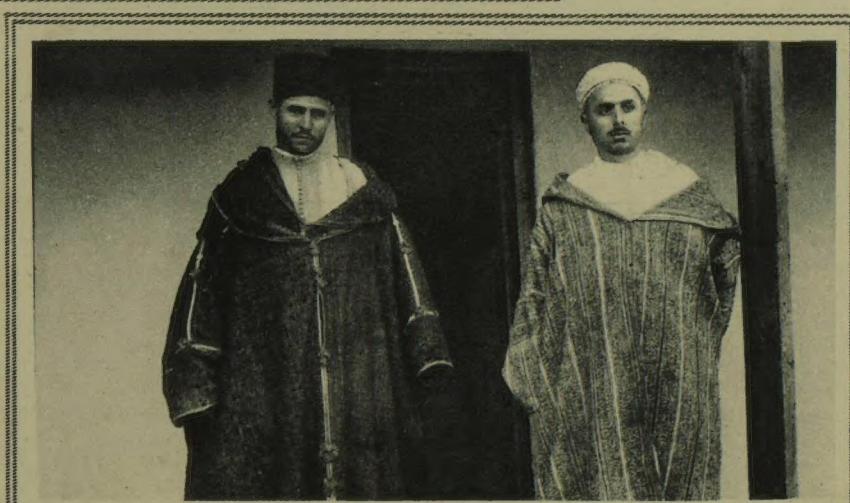
"A RATHER SHORT, BURLY FIGURE, IN UNPRENTIOUS BROWN ROBE AND GREEN TURBAN": ABDUL KRIM, AMIR OF THE RIFFIAN MOORS, AND THEIR LEADER IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN, AT HIS HEADQUARTERS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF MOROCCO.

Continued. Spanish front and saw a long string of fortified posts, built of stone, crowning every peak of a chain of hills. This line of blockhouses stretches from the seashore to the frontier of French Morocco. Each post is exposed to constant sniping, and occasional isolation, by the Riff clansmen hidden among the rocks on the opposing slopes. It was to the sound of such splutters of rifle-fire that, three days after entering the Riff, a long climb right over a mountain 5000 feet high brought me down to a broad, gravelly river bed, which the guide announced led to Abdul Krim's field-headquarters." Describing later the approach to the actual spot, Mr. Ward Price continues: "At fifty-

[Continued below.]



ABANDONED BY THE SPANIARDS: A DESERTED SPANISH FORTIFIED POST IN THE RIFF, WHERE SPAIN HAS BEEN AT WAR WITH THE MOORS SINCE 1912.



RIFF CHIEFTAINS: (LEFT) BOUDGILAR, RIFF ENVOY TO LONDON IN 1922; (RIGHT) MOHAMET ABDUL KRIM, THE AMIR'S YOUNGER BROTHER AND CHIEF OF STAFF.

Continued. yard intervals on a great circle taking in either side of the river's course, stood tall motionless figures in flowing brown dress and light-blue turbans, each rigid at attention with rifle at his side. They were men of Abdul Krim's bodyguard, a picked and specially drilled force five hundred strong, all six feet high and sure shots. Still as statues they stood, all facing inward, with an effect theatrical but impressive, which gave dignity to the rather short, burly figure, in unpretentious brown robe and green turban, who waited by a plain deal table set out on the dry gravel of the watercourse. . . . Abdul Krim, who is forty-two, has a

pleasant, full red face, weather-beaten and wrinkled, with keen, twinkling eyes and the usual short beard of the Arab. His hands are plump and shapely; his voice low and quick in utterance. I have heard cruelty of a cold-blooded kind alleged by Spaniards against the Riff leader, but nothing in his appearance or bearing suggests a barbarous disposition. Rather does he give an impression of alert intelligence, and there is natural self-confidence in his unaffected, quiet manner." On September 15 it was stated that Spanish forces in Morocco had abandoned several more positions in the Wad Lau district.

THE FORM IN WHICH LIVY WAS PRESERVED: TYPICAL LATIN MSS.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "PALÉOGRAPHIE DES CLASSIQUES LATINS," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, M. CHATELAIN, LIBRARIAN OF THE SORBONNE, PARIS. PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

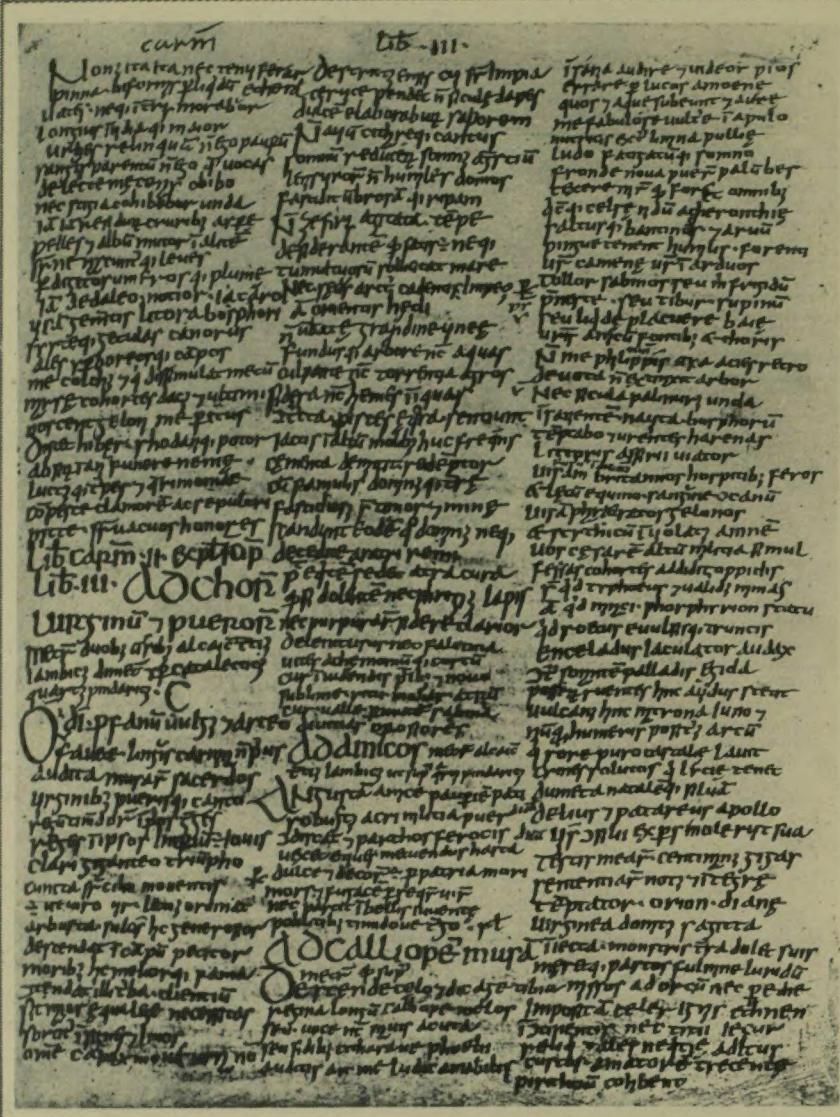


FIG. 1. ONE OF THE EARLIEST MANUSCRIPTS [OF HORACE: A NINTH-CENTURY MS. OF THE ODES (BOOK III) AT BERNE, IN MODIFIED IRISH MINUSCULES, BY ONE OF THE WANDERING IRISH SCHOLARS.

THE reported discovery of codices containing the whole of Livy's History of Rome lends intense interest to the story of the early manuscripts and their writers, to whom the world owes the preservation of classical literature. We are indebted for the following note on the subject to Mr. Robin Flower, of the Department of MSS. at the British Museum. "When we consider the fortunes of manuscripts," he writes, "it seems almost a miracle that in this twentieth century we can still hear Cicero speaking, read the story of Rome in the prose of Livy, and the myths of its origins in the verse of Virgil, and share in imagination the passionate loves of Catullus and the milder philanderings of Horace. For in the beginning these things were entrusted to one of the most fragile of materials—papyrus. The dry sands of Egypt have preserved much Greek writing for us, but very little Latin. By a curious chance, Livy is one of the few Latin writers thus favoured, for in 1903 there was discovered at Oxyrhynchus a roll of papyrus (Fig. 3) with passages from an unknown epitome of Livy in a hand of the third century A.D. It had been preserved because the blank reverse had been used for the writing of a fourth-century copy of the Epistle to the Hebrews. But by the fourth century vellum had taken the place of papyrus, and the classics were being transferred to this more durable material. One of the earliest existing MSS. of the classics on vellum is the fragmentary Virgil (fourth century) in the old square Roman capitals (Fig. 5), preserved part at the Vatican, part in Berlin. These capitals, derived from the incised forms of inscriptions, were modified first into the more graceful forms known as rustic capitals, and then into the more rounded forms to which the name 'uncials' belongs. Most of our early MSS. of the classics are in this latter script. The Oxyrhynchus Livy is in uncials with some admixture of cursive forms. The preservation of what remains to us is largely due to the activities of a number of revisers of classical texts who flourished in the period from the fourth to the sixth century of our era. The subscriptions testifying to their work are frequently found in the later MSS. It is interesting now to recall that the Paris Livy (containing the third decade only) is a copy of the fifth century thus revised at Avellino near

[Continued in Box 2.]

Naples in the sixth century. It is in uncials (Fig. 6), and we might expect the newly discovered codices to bear something of the same aspect. Others have come to us as palimpsests, the half-obliterated writing hidden under later matter—as, for instance, the Cicero De Republica discovered by Mai in 1822 with a commentary of St. Augustine on the Psalms written over it (Fig. 4). The lives of some have hung by a thread. The existing MSS. of Catullus—best-loved of Roman poets—all derive from one lost MS. One delightful poem alone survives in a ninth-century anthology at Paris to represent another tradition (Fig. 2). On the same page of the MS. are epigrams of Martial. In the dark ages that followed the sixth century, the most active scribes were the wandering Irish scholars. The chief MS. of Horace, now lost, was probably written in an Irish minuscule hand, the older capitals having now been modified by the influence of the hastier hand of business and ordinary life. The Bernensis, an important MS. of Horace, written in the ninth century (Fig. 1), is an example of the Irish minuscule, itself modified by an intermixture from another type of script. This other type was the famous Caroline hand, developed in the entourage of the Emperor Charlemagne, largely under the influence of the Englishman, Alcuin of York. The Paris Catullus is a good example of this script. The activity of the Carolingian scribes saved the classics for us, and when, at the end of the Middle Ages, the study of the classics, never wholly dead, revived in the Italy of the Renaissance, it was in a script modelled on a later form of the Caroline hand that the Latin authors were copied out once more. The early printers imitated this Italian script and it is from them that our Roman print is derived." In the "Leipziger Tageblatt" of September 12, Dr. Max Funke, a friend of the discoverer of the alleged Livy MSS. (Dr. di Martino-Fusco) reproduced four lines of the script, which he had been allowed to copy. The first two lines, described as being written in uncials, read as follows: "Ubi multitudo hominum insperata occurrit." The German facsimile of the whole of these four lines is reproduced on "Our Notebook" page in this number.

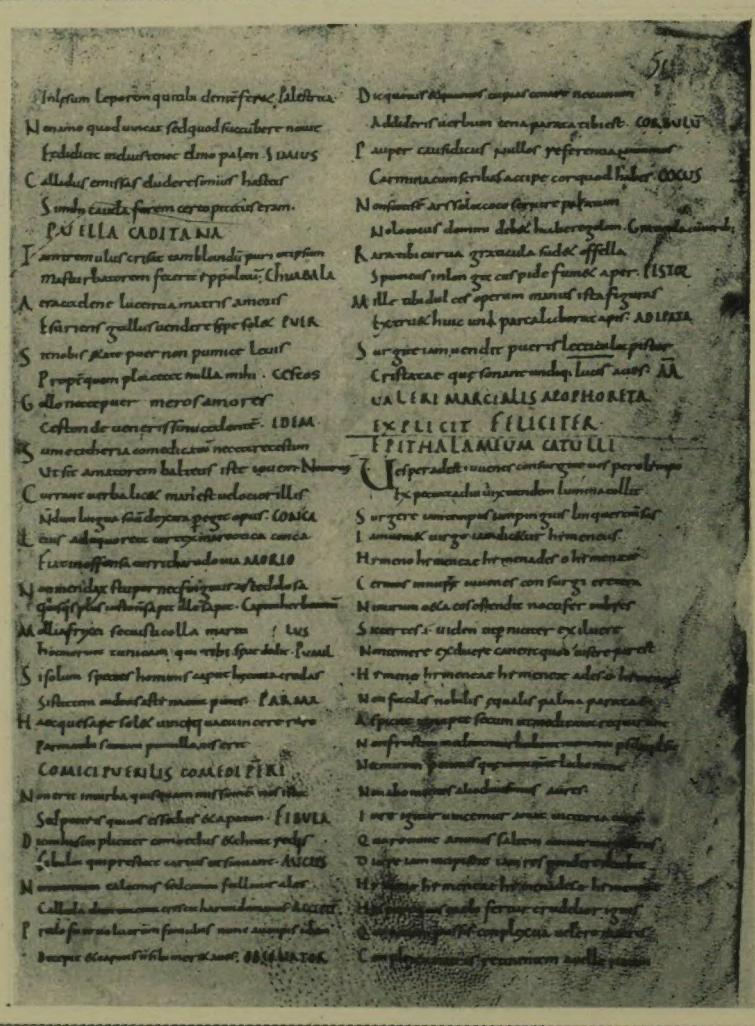


FIG. 2. HOW THE DELIGHTFUL "EPITHALAMION" OF CATULLUS SURVIVED: A PAGE OF A NINTH-CENTURY ANTHOLOGY (NOW IN PARIS) WITH THE POEM FOLLOWING EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL, IN CAROLINE MINUSCULES.

It was stated on September 14 that Dr. di Martino-Fusco, the young Italian professor who claims to have found the lost MSS. of Livy, had not so far reported himself to the Government authorities since leaving Naples a week before for an unknown destination, but that he was expected to return to Naples on the 15th and make a statement to the Superintendent of Libraries, Professor D'Elia. In the meantime, it was reported that the Italian Government had instructed the frontier police to take precautions against the manuscripts' being sent abroad. A few days earlier the "Leipziger Tageblatt" published what claimed to be the first authentic account of the discovery, written by Dr. Fusco's friend, Dr. Max Funke, a Leipzig scholar, who appears to have been the only man who succeeded

in gaining admittance to Dr. Fusco's "cliff fastness" at Capri, and hearing his own story of the affair. Dr. Funke was allowed to examine one MS., which is described as written "in the oldest Latin script, long in form, closely joined, and later rounded off as the first step towards a smaller lettering." Dr. Fusco, he says, told him that the MSS. were found in a walled-up library in the vaults of an old monastery beneath the fortress of Castel dell'Ovo at Naples, and claimed that the MSS. were his own property and not that of the State, as they were not found in the fortress itself.

HOW LIVY AND OTHER CLASSICS SURVIVED: "ALMOST A MIRACLE."

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. FIG. 3 DIRECT FROM THE PAPYRUS IN THE MUSEUM.
FIGS. 4-6 FROM "PALÉOGRAPHIE DES CLASSIQUES LATINS," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, M. CHATELAIN, LIBRARIAN OF THE SORBONNE, PARIS.

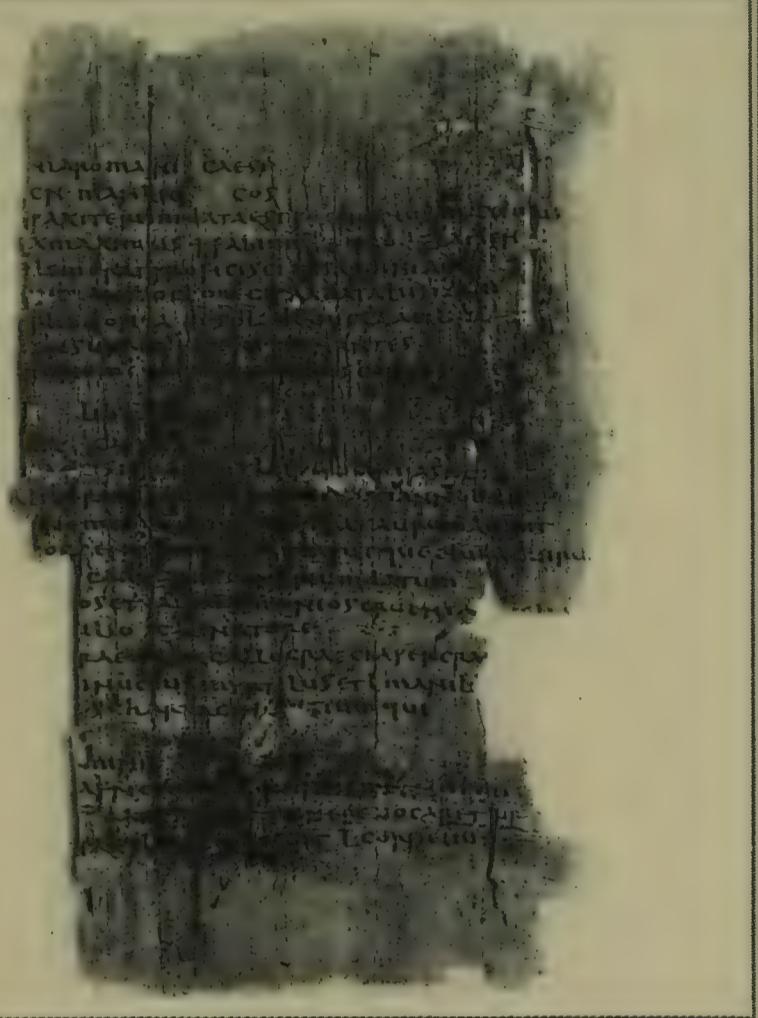


FIG. 3. FRAGILE MATERIAL ON WHICH THE CLASSICS WERE FIRST WRITTEN: A THIRD-CENTURY PAPYRUS WITH AN EPITOPE OF LIVY, IN MODIFIED UNCIALS, FROM OXYRHYNCHUS.

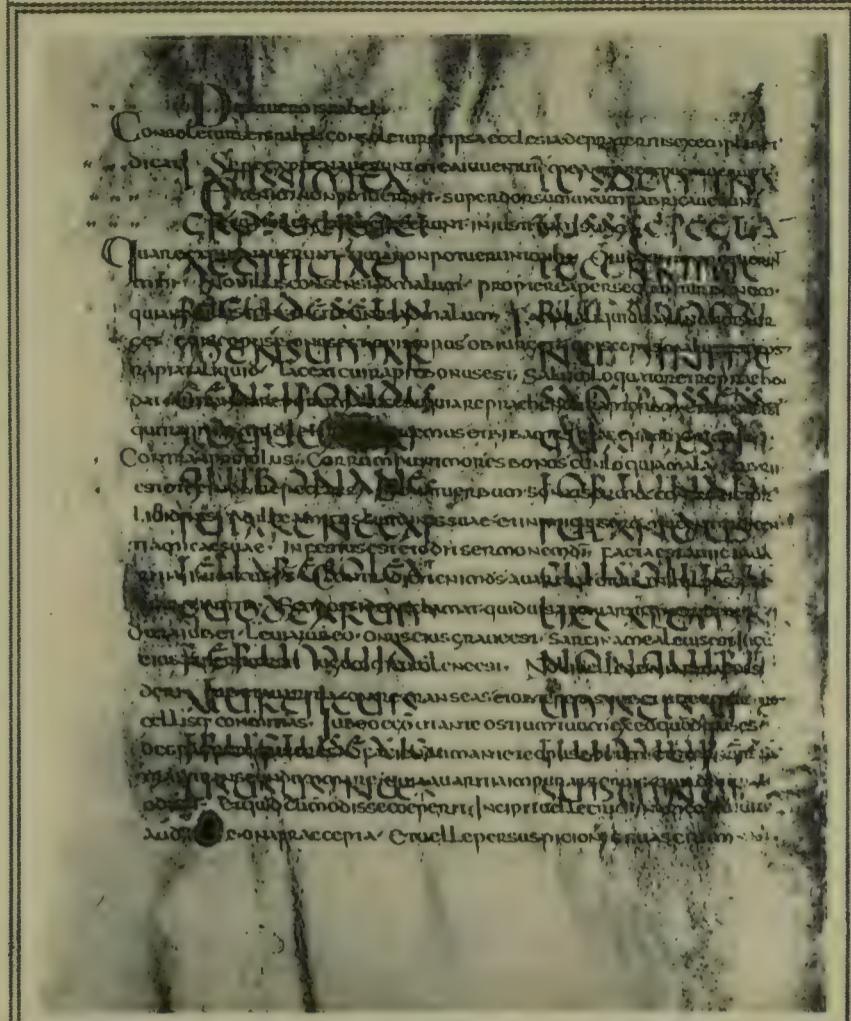


FIG. 4. WITH ST. AUGUSTINE'S COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS WRITTEN OVER IT: A PALIMPSEST OF CICERO'S "DE REPUBLICA," IN UNCIALS, FOUND IN 1822.

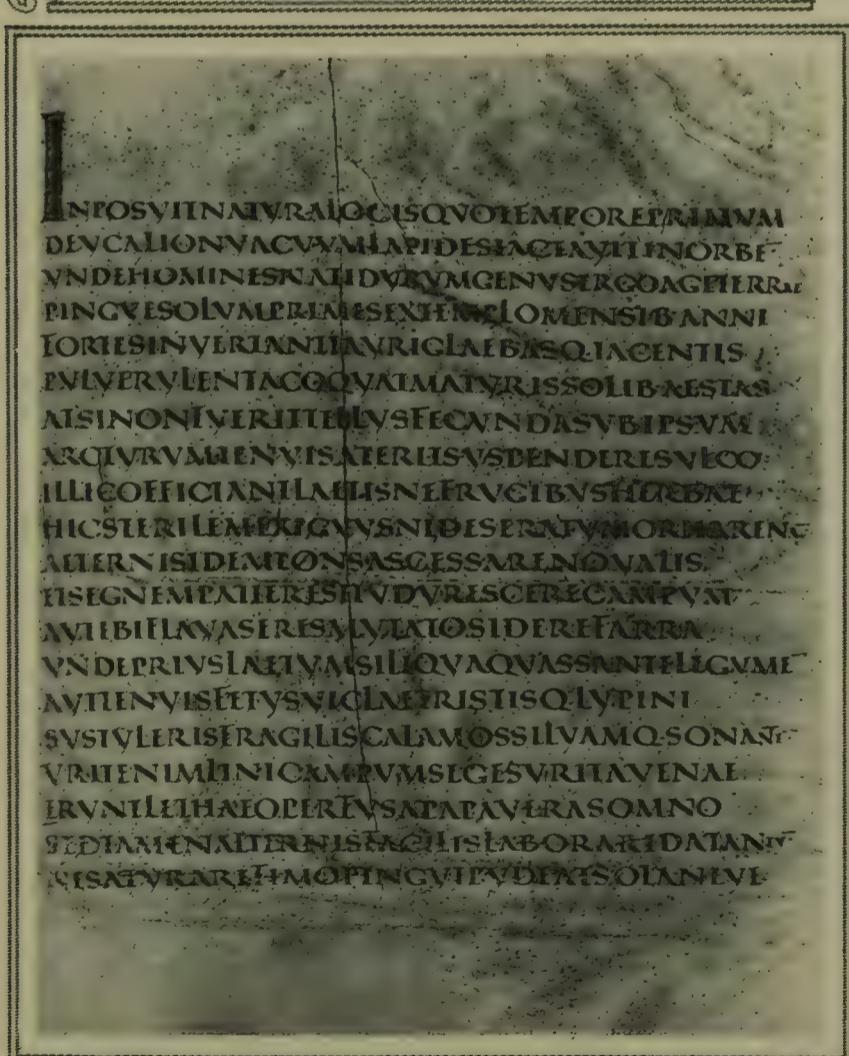


FIG. 5. IN OLD SQUARE ROMAN CAPITALS (AS IN INCISED INSCRIPTIONS WHICH LATER DEVELOPED INTO UNCIALS: AN EARLY (FOURTH-CENTURY) MS. OF VIRGIL'S "GEORGICS."

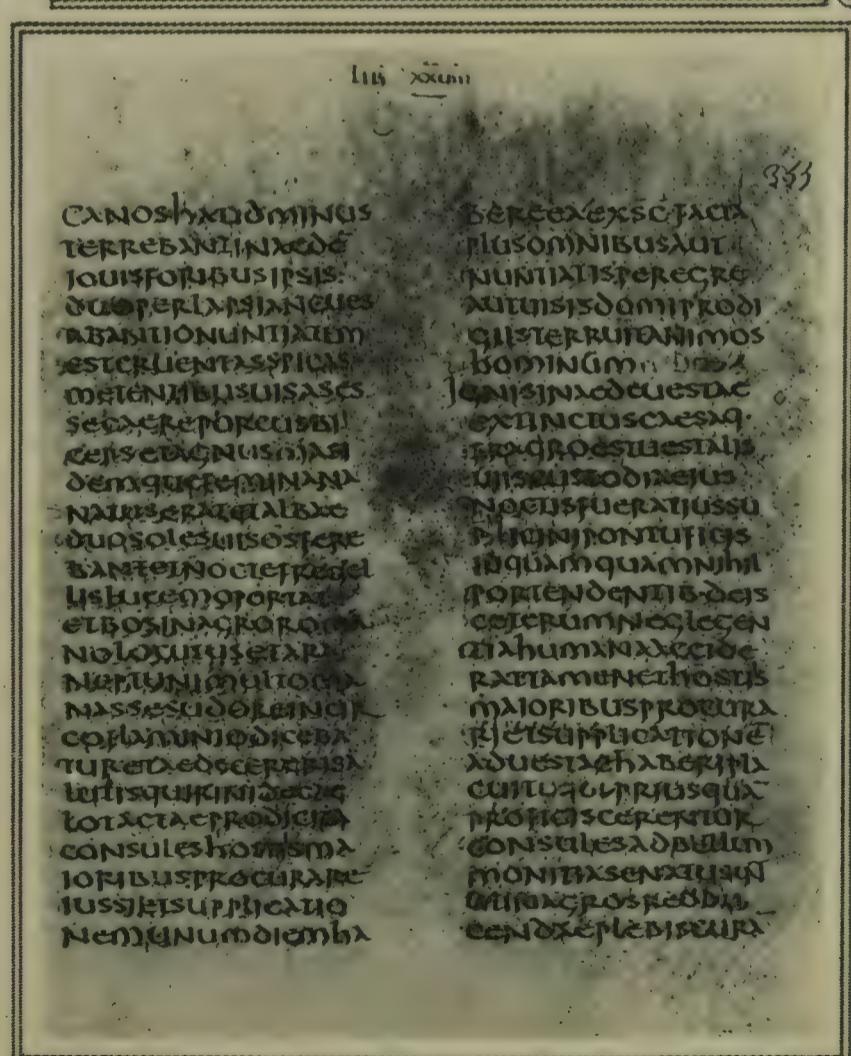


FIG. 6. PROBABLY RESEMBLING THE LOST MSS. OF LIVY: A FIFTH-CENTURY UNCIAL MS. OF HIS HISTORY, REVISED AT AVELLINO, NEAR NAPLES, IN THE SIXTH CENTURY.

The discovery of the whole works of Livy—142 books in all, of which hitherto only 35 were known—would be (if duly authenticated) an event of great historical importance. When the report of Dr. di Martino-Fusco's discovery of the Livy MSS. was first made known a few weeks ago, the learned world was a little sceptical, but an official communiqué by the Italian Ministry of Education, issued on September 7, suggested that what had seemed an incredible rumour might be really an amazing fact. The official statement said: "The Ministry . . . took the steps necessary for the protection of the rights of the nation. Only when the formalities of the law have been completed will it be possible to furnish precise information concerning the authenticity of the discovery." Later, however,

it was reported that Dr. Martino-Fusco had failed to present himself to the Government authorities in Naples, and had left for an unknown destination. The police were instructed to look for him. The alleged place of discovery, the Castel Dell'Ovo at Naples, was illustrated in our last issue. Our present illustrations show typical early manuscripts of Latin classics, including some of Livy, and it is obvious how slow and difficult must be the task of deciphering such script—generally full of contractions and abbreviations—and of arriving at the correct text. The transmission of the classics through the ages is a story full of romance. As the writer of our article on the opposite page points out, it is almost a miracle that the classics have survived.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

OUR abandoned forefathers, in the wantonness of their hearts, used to turn to fiction for recreation. This they found even in the works of the most serious practitioners, writers who held a place in the forefront of literature. We, their descendants, are not so fortunate, at any rate with the novelists who nowadays claim and secure the most distinguished consideration. For the reading of these authors has become anything but a pastime. In an increasing measure it declares itself a strenuous task, a thing to be undertaken after prayer and fasting. Too often we rise from the latest "great novel" with a sense that the burden of life has been augmented rather than lightened—the story, in Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, "doth so deject our cooled imagination." Those who care to look up the context in "Religio Medici" may probably trace in the quotation an appropriateness which does not here appear on the surface. For Sir Thomas has in mind something to which in its most unpleasant aspect current fiction is devoting a disproportionate attention. Small wonder, then, if we grow a trifle weary of the reiteration and its resultant dullness.

Perhaps the war has saddened us, or there may be other causes; but it seems as if our sense of humour had suffered decay, seeing that we accept and praise with such solemnity novels that insist almost exclusively on the vicious and the depraved. When I speak of our sense of humour, let there be no misunderstanding. I do not here refer to the fiction of which the humour consists in the broad grin, large noses, and the rubbing in of minor misfortunes. Of that there will always be a plentiful supply to meet the continual demand of light-hearted simplicity. What I had in mind is that higher humour which preserves in the serious writer his, or her, sense of proportion, and guards against the setting up of situations which, so far from being impressive, only arouse laughter inextinguishable at the spectacle of would-be grave moralists lapsing into such absurdity. It is in the recapturing of this wholesome sense of humour that the only hope lies of clearing away the murkiness that besets the novel of to-day. To preach against it, to hold up shocked hands and to cry "Fie, for shame!" is worse than useless, for it only convinces those writers that the censor is a stupid person, quite outside the pale of that Intelligentsia which finds in the puppy lusts of humanity and the sacred aberrations of the Artistic Temperament the only true material of fiction. The cure is the gentle exposure of ludicrous solemnity.

Perhaps I have been unfortunate in my recent reading, but three new novels, by distinguished hands, produced in me only a cumulative depression. One of them began well with the promise of an interesting study—a boy brought up by his father to be a social reformer. One expected reactions against the forcing of a vocation, but there was nothing in the groundwork of the situation to justify the purposeless spiritual, in which the author has involved his hero. We are invited to contemplate with becoming gravity the career of an engaging young gentleman of some education, who, after a spell on the road as a pedlar, is so enamoured of an unseaworthy old steamboat that he sacrifices the love of a penniless girl and marries an heiress whose wealth in time places him at the head of a huge shipping combine. He loves the crazy old hulk, the *Muriel Jones*, with a passion that passes the love of women, wherein, by the way, his experience makes up in amazing versatility and variety what it lacks in depth. Finally, his wife leaves him, whereupon his old love, the deserted, loses no time in offering herself to this Moloch. But he is for the road again, pushing his dead child's perambulator stocked with small wares. Last scene of all, the hero, in the reddening dawn, tramps steadily northward out of London, outstripping, of set purpose, the devoted woman, now footsore and weary with the long and stern chase of the man who will have none of her. Nor does the babble of pseudo-philosophy with which he dismisses his victim persuade us that we have been assisting at a tragedy. Of the author's tragic intention, however, there can be no doubt. His trouble is that in his deadly intensity he has turned the Muse of Comedy out of doors, with these fell and grotesque results. Of his characters it may be said that it seems as if some of nature's journeymen had made his men and women, they imitate nature so abominably.

In a second novel we are invited to look with sympathy on the antics of the everlastingly tedious artist who, being a genius, is above the law of ordinary common-sense. The hero is a person of fine philosophic mind, whose acquiescence in the vagaries of the merely artistic leaves one wondering. Be that as it may, he acquiesced and must take his place in the gallery of the preposterous. He loved and married a musician, who loved him in return, but, being temperamental, was able also to love another, likewise a musician. At last the claims of the brother artist could no longer be denied. The woman went off

with him, but her long-suffering husband assured her that the door was always open for her return when she felt so disposed. His love, in fact, was like Sairey Camp's convenient and comforting bottle on the mantelpiece. But the wife tarried, and meanwhile the husband found solace in another woman. The lovers retard their ardour to justify their *liaison* in a passage of the subtlest dialectic.

But dialectic is not everything. There are the facts of life. The truant wife having proved her musician unsatisfactory, returned suddenly, and the husband found himself bound to redeem his promise. It looks like an *impasse*, but the mistress dies opportunely, and leaves the husband and wife to a renewal of love, sure of themselves and of their future fidelity. In a novelist of lesser reputation, such a device, to say nothing of such a mechanical way out of the difficulty as the death of the alternative woman, would be scouted as improbable and held up to scorn.

Here is no intention of holding the novel or the novelist up to scorn. My purpose in stripping an unsatisfactory situation of the writer's attractive texture of language is merely to illustrate my contention that humour must have decayed sadly before a fine craftswoman in fiction could thus commit herself to characters and action so manifestly artificial and absurd. Even the artist cannot escape from the consequences of action, and to put these people above the common law of life (let us say nothing of morality, lest we be misunderstood) is to remove them from the plane of humanity—a serious fault in a novel. And so to present these abnormal beings that their action shall appear normal and shall escape the consequences that would

praised elsewhere, should escape censure here. My readers ought to have a chance of judging for themselves, and if I am wrong, on my own head be it. The books, in order of mention, are "THE TRIUMPH OF GALLIO," by W. L. George (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.); "ARNOLD WATERLOW, A LIFE," by May Sinclair (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.); and "THE BOY IN THE BUSH," by D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner (Secker; 7s. 6d.). Let it be understood that these novels are used merely to illustrate a point. It would be quite possible to write reviews which would seize upon undeniable merits (such as style and cunning delineation of character) in each; but what impressed me most was their betrayal of a blunted sense of the higher humour, and upon that hint I spoke.

If my words do anything to help readers to detect the absurdity that lurks beneath many of the most gravely presented situations in modern novels, they will not be in vain. It would be pitiful if our most serious fiction became merely an Anatomy of Melancholy, and of this there is some danger, if I read aright the signs of the times. The atmosphere of the novel grows somewhat oppressive, even fetid in places, and one longs for some breeze to sweep away the miasmatic vapours. Clean and healthy laughter will clear the heavy air. We must learn to laugh again, to be keen to unmask the solemn ass disguised as the acute psychologist or profound pathologist, with his unsavoury preparations for the microscope. Here is no plea for empty cackling funnies, no shirking of the great tragic situations as material for fiction. But these will miss their effect if time is broke and no proportion kept. It might be well to remember that, in his gravest works, Meredith had the Comic Muse ever at his elbow to guard his presentation of human passion and human failings from that over-statement which ends in the grotesque.

These remarks apply only to the fiction that has, or professes to have, some philosophic purpose. There is still a fiction of mere pastime, to which one turns with relief from the severer exercises of the moralists. This lighter storytelling need not lack the excellences of more serious stuff, and it comes in a very welcome form in the work of Mr. Edmund Downey, who has just given us a delightful little sheet of humorous Irish stories in "MORRISSEY" (The Bodley Head; 6s.) It may be hopelessly old-fashioned, and not very intelligent to take pleasure in a book that does not grope in the back slums of the human mind; but, if so, one must be content to bear the reproach of out-of-date simplicy.

Not that Morrissey ignores human faults and failings—far from it: some of the people whose little histories he relates were fallible and imperfect creatures, and, at times, not above small deceit and such-like sinful games. But the narrator has that blessed salt of humour,

which writers of greater consideration occasionally lack, with consequences which may or may not be regrettable. Here I have endeavoured to prove the former point, with what success the reader shall judge.

But to return to Morrissey, that engaging fellow, whose Christian name was Tom, and his place of abode the Irish port of Rockhaven. Tom was a great observer of character, and had a shrewd eye for an odd situation, now and then for a tragic situation, which he manages to keep just right, even although he himself is the victim. He can combine a happy ending (for others) with a hint of his own frustrated passion, and strike a restrained note of pathos that has no mawkishness in it. For that see his last story, "Virginia."

For a comic handling of a would-be rascal, and the story of his rascality recoiling on his own head, to his advantage and utter astonishment, read "The Chance of the Sea." In fact, read the whole bunch, and you will feel convinced that, after all, fiction has in it springs of vitality that will yet enable it to conquer the morbid school.

Too much, perhaps, here of novels. One word as to a new volume of biography. This is "A FIELD MARSHAL'S MEMOIRS," condensed and translated from the Diary, Correspondence and Reminiscences of Alfred, Count von Waldersee, by Frederic Whyte (Hutchinson; 18s.). Count von Waldersee succeeded Moltke as Chief of the German General Staff, and held that office from 1888 to 1891. He is best remembered by the English public as the Commander of the Allied Armies during the Boxer Rising in 1900. These reminiscences give fresh information on the campaign in China, but the most interesting part of the book is Von Waldersee's notes on the development of the ex-Kaiser's character after he came to the throne. Only the other day a newspaper raised once more the question of the Kaiser's sanity. Count von Waldersee's views read the more piquantly in the light of that theory.



FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF 82 YEARS AGO: "DONCASTER GRAND STAND.—THE ST. LEGER RACE"—BLUE BONNET IN 1842 WINS THE EVENT WON IN 1924 BY SALMON TROUT. The series of reproductions (begun in our last number) from our issue for the corresponding week 82 years ago, is here appropriately continued with a drawing of the 1842 race for the St. Leger—the event won this year (on September 10) by the Aga Khan's Salmon Trout. In 1842, the winner was Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet (Lye up), with General Yate's Seahorse (Chapple up), second. Our report of the race said: "About 200 yards from home Blue Bonnet wrested the lead from Fireaway, was never caught, and won very easily by a length. Priscilla Tomboy went past Fireaway at the stand, but was herself challenged by Seahorse a few strides from the chair, and beaten by half a length. . . . The race was run in 3 min. 18 sec. Value of the stakes, £3600. Lord Eglinton, we believe, wins about £5000, and his trainer, Dawson (the owner of Nell, the winner of the Oaks) and friends, a much larger sum."—[Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of September 17, 1842.]

certainly overtake ordinary people, is to deny the laws of common-sense upon which society rests. In this regard, much of our current fiction is anarchic, but that is not my point. It is that certain writers have become so obsessed with the sanctity of go-as-you-please passion, and the pseudo-philosophy they are pleased to weave around it, that their saving sense of humour has gone by the board. They are of sufficient importance to impress critics who hesitate to call nonsense nonsense when it is offered by the elect of the literary coteries. Only when someone who stands entirely aloof finds a platform of authority and deals as frankly with the eminent as with the obscure, will fiction return to a broad and human sanity. It threatens to lose all touch with the main stream of life, and to become occupied exclusively with tributaries—some of them, it is to be feared, exceedingly muddy.

On this question of the unnecessary stirring-up of mud, let me quote again the case of the three novels which I happened to read in sequence. In each of them occurred a parallel situation, sufficiently ugly and unpleasant to require solid justification. But, on close scrutiny, the justification did not appear. It was the seduction, or attempted seduction, of an adolescent by a depraved girl. In two cases the girl was very young; in the third and grossest instance, where the description went into minute detail of place and accessories, the temptress was twenty-eight. None of these sirens could plead the artistic temperament, which is just as well. One day, I imagine, the artists will rise in rebellion against their continual exploitation as professors of lawless living. To judge from recent instances, housemaids and schoolgirls will soon have equal cause for protest.

Justice requires that the novels in question, which contain these regrettable absurdities of situation, and equally disappointing lapses into the gratuitously unpleasant, should be named. They are, unfortunately, the work of writers who stand very high in critical estimation; but that is no reason why these books, which may be

FAR AND NEAR: NOTABLE OCCASIONS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

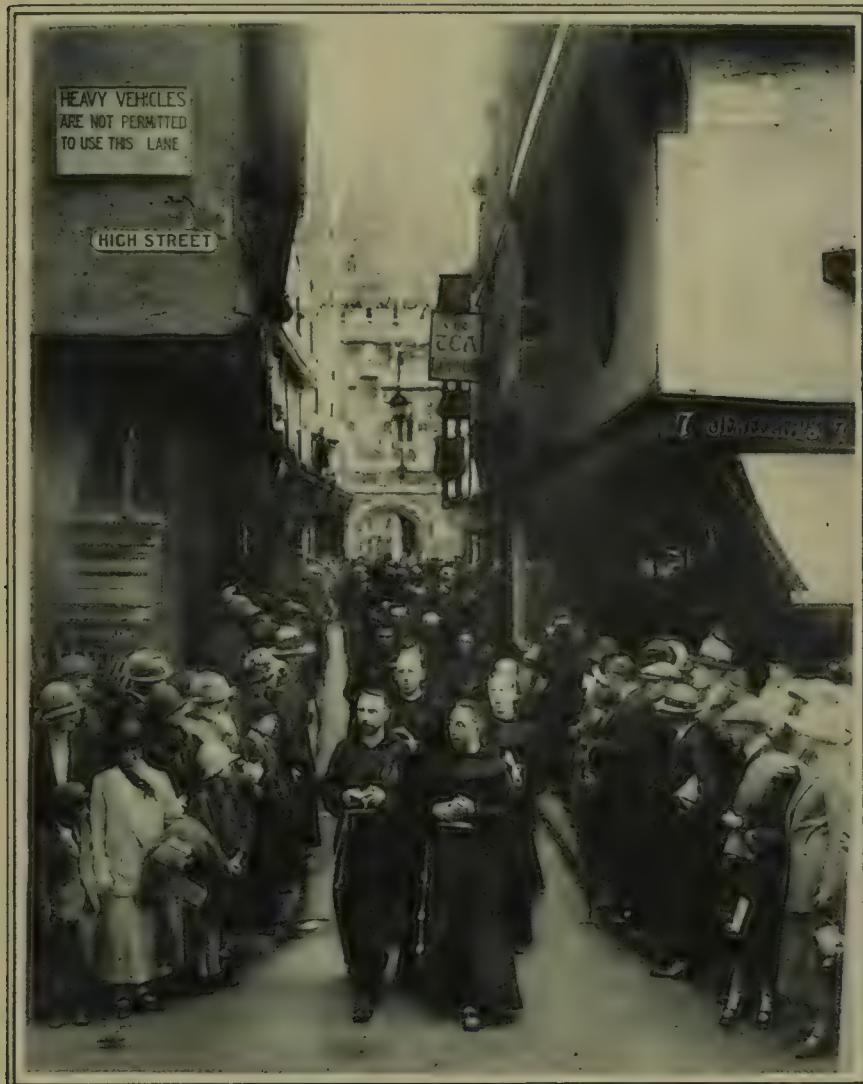
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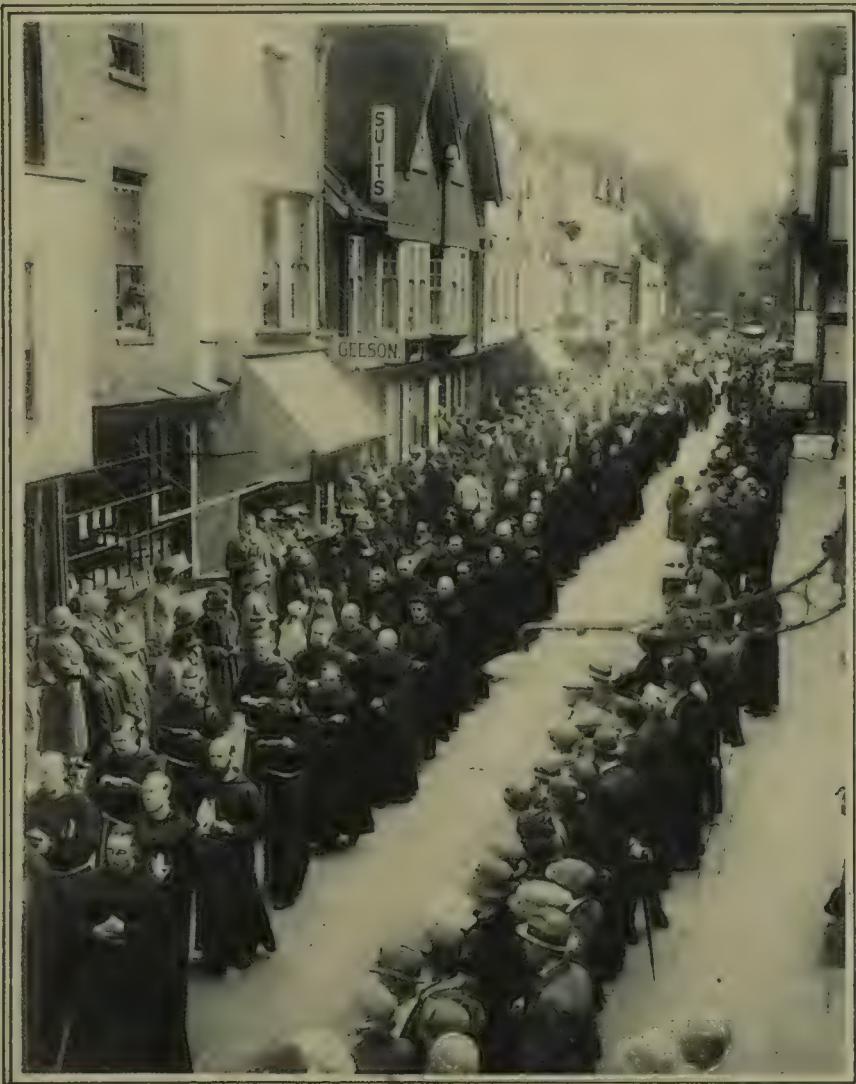
THE "WAR CHANT" OF THE "ALL-BLACKS" BEFORE THE MATCH IN WHICH THEY BEAT DEVON AT DEVONPORT: THE NEW ZEALAND "RUGGER" TEAM OPEN THEIR TOUR IN ENGLAND.



LED BY THEIR CAPTAIN, MR. C. G. PORTER (ON RIGHT): THE "ALL-BLACKS" NEW ZEALAND "RUGGER" TEAM DOING THEIR "WAR DANCE."



CELEBRATING THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COMING OF THE GREY FRIARS TO CANTERBURY IN 1224: MONKS WALKING IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE CITY (SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND).



SUCCESSORS OF THE NINE POOR FRIARS WHO CAME TO CANTERBURY IN 1224 TO INTRODUCE THE ORDER INTO ENGLAND: MODERN FRANCISCANS IN PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO THE FRIARY GARDEN.



ON THE RAFT ON WHICH THEY SPENT FIVE DAYS AFTER THEIR SHIP SANK IN A GREAT ATLANTIC HURRICANE: SIX SURVIVORS OF THE "HATTIE," ONE HOLDING THE POLE THAT BROUGHT HELP.



AFTER PICKING UP THE SIX SURVIVORS OF THE SCHOONER "HATTIE" FROM THEIR RAFT: THE POWERFUL LIFE-BOAT OF THE MUNSON LINER, "SOUTHERN CROSS," WHICH RESCUED THE EXHAUSTED MEN AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

The New Zealand Rugby football team, popularly known as the "All Blacks," opened their tour in this country with a match against Devon, played at Devonport on September 13. The "All Blacks" won by eleven points to nil. Like the team which visited England in 1905, they performed a "war dance," accompanied by a "war chant," before the game began.—The 700th anniversary of the coming to England of the Franciscans (or Grey Friars of the Order established by St. Francis of Assisi) was celebrated on September 10 at Canterbury, where in 1224 the pioneers of the Order, whose founder was then still alive, arrived to seek hospitality in that city. The celebrations included a picturesque procession of

friars, nuns, priests, and laymen through the city to the ancient site where the original missionaries built wattle huts and afterwards a Friary. Another photograph of the procession arriving in the Friary gardens appears on page 550.—During the great hurricane that recently swept the Atlantic, the four-masted schooner "Hattie" foundered off Cape Hatteras, and the crew of six lashed themselves to a small raft. For six hours while the storm lasted they were buffeted by huge seas, and then they drifted for five days without food or water, until their signal (a handkerchief on a pole) was seen from the Munson liner "Southern Cross," whose life-boat picked them up nearly at their last gasp.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING BEAKS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

IN every group of animals, whether beasts, birds, or fishes, or creatures more lowly in the scale of life, we find some which have developed structural peculiarities enabling them to subsist in comfort on sources of food inaccessible to the rest of their tribe. This benefit, however, carries a potential penalty. For, if that food supply should fail, extermination may overtake this privileged few, since adaptations to particular ends can seldom be applied with equal success to general purposes.

A good example of such an "adaptation to particular ends" has just been furnished by Mr. Herbert Lang, a distinguished American zoologist, who has recently returned from Georgetown, Guiana. There, in the topmost branches of trees growing on an island, he found a colony of about twenty "Snail-hawks" (*Rostramus rostratus*), known also as Hook-bill hawks, and Everglade kites. Of graceful and slender build, long-winged, and of a dusky-brown coloration, these birds, when seen at large, seem to be "just hawks." At close quarters, however, it becomes immediately apparent that they are something more than "ordinary." And this on account of the curiously slender and elongated beak (Fig. 3), which is quite unlike that of the rest of their tribe, and at once proclaims something unusual in their food and its capture.

What this "something" is could never have been discovered from a mere examination of this beak. And the statements by settlers and collectors, who had seen the bird in its native haunts, that it lived on snails, needed amplification. Mr. Lang's observations, therefore, will be more than welcome, not merely to ornithologists, but to all who are interested in the study of structural adaptations in relation to "shifts for a living." Both beak and claws (Fig. 3) have been remodelled to serve the ends required of them. The horny sheath of the upper jaw, he points out, forms a strongly arched, nearly semi-circular hook, the cutting edges, generally sharp in birds of prey, being dull near the base, and completely effaced at the tip; a ridge running far forward on the palatal side of this hook adds considerably to its strength at the weakest point of the curve. The claws are long and exceedingly sharp, enabling them to obtain a sure grip of slippery prey.

The water-snail on which it feeds (Fig. 1) is one of the "Apple-snails" (*Ampullarius doloides*), which, for breathing purposes, must come to the surface. It is not, however, compelled to live always at this level. On the contrary, it can remain for hours at a stretch well under water. For the greater part of the day, it would seem, they lie at rest in comparatively deep water, coming to the surface in the late afternoon, as if to escape the glare of the sun, to feed, and re-oxygenate the blood. The hawk adjusts its feeding-time accordingly; and then, swooping

For, the moment it is seized, it withdraws itself to the innermost recesses of its fortress, which is closed by a very tough "operculum." After a few minutes, the snail, having been held perfectly still, slowly emerges to discover what has happened. As soon as it has fully extruded itself, the hawk, with a lightning stroke, thrusts the hook of its beak through

so that the hawfinch is thus enabled to avail itself of a source of food beyond the reach of other species with which it is brought into competition in the struggle for existence.

The beak of the parrot is a more remarkable organ than is perhaps generally realised. To begin with, the upper jaw articulates with the cranium by

means of a transverse hinge, so that it can be raised at will, making a more effective pair of forceps than is the case with beaks where the lower jaw alone is movable. Into the mechanism of this, space will not allow me to enter now. But the upper jaw, besides this, is peculiar in that the horny sheath, at its tip, bears a series of ridges, such as are shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 2). But the precise pattern differs in different genera. These ridges serve to increase the grip of hard-shelled seeds, which are to be broken open. In the macaws, as everybody knows, the beak is of great size. But to see what a parrot's beak can do, one must turn to the black cockatoo of the Aru

Islands, wherein it may be justly described as enormous. And this because it is called upon to perform a task beyond the powers of any other of the parrot tribe. It feeds, Wallace tells us, on the "kanary" nut, whose shell is so hard that it can only be cracked with a hammer when a mere human desires to get at the kernel. When this bird essayes the feat, however, it seizes the nut, which is quite smooth externally, end-wise in its beak, and, holding it firmly by the pressure of its tongue, which is also specially modified to this end, it cuts a transverse notch by a lateral sawing motion of the edge of the lower jaw. Then, taking hold of the nut with its foot, it bites off a piece of a leaf, and places this in the notch of the upper jaw. Replacing the nut, which is prevented from slipping by the leaf, it then fixes the edge of the lower jaw in the notch just made, and breaks off a piece of the shell. This done, the nut is again taken in the foot, and the kernel extracted, bit by bit, by the extensible tongue, which is armed at its tip with a special horny scoop.

One might add a dozen or so remarkable types of beaks to this list, but there is space now for no more than one to be mentioned. This is the beak of the helmeted hornbill, which, so far, has baffled all attempts to interpret its peculiarities. In all other horn-bills the great "casque" which surmounts the beak is but a thin shell of horn, covering a delicate filigree-work of bone. But in this species the front of the casque is formed by a dense mass of horn, of ivory-like texture, while the bony matter behind it is immensely strengthened to form a buttress, seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4). From this it would seem that the whole structure



FIG. 1.—THE PREY OF THE SNAIL-HAWK: THE APPLE-SNAIL, WHICH REPELS OTHER FOES BY DISCHARGING SLIME.

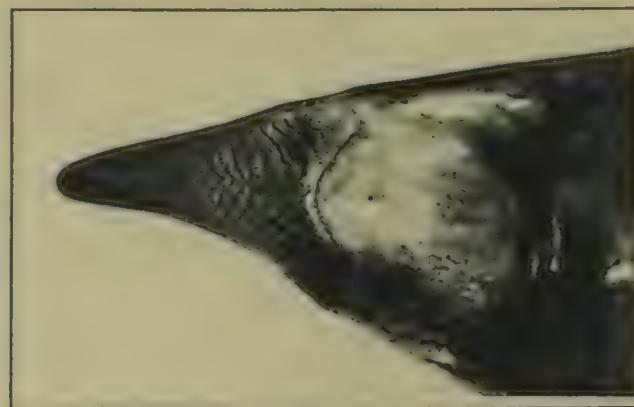


FIG. 2.—THE PECULIAR MECHANISM OF A PARROT'S BEAK: THE UNDER SURFACE OF THE UPPER JAW, SHOWING THE CURIOUS ARRANGEMENT OF RIDGES KNOWN AS THE "FILE."

Photographs by E. J. Manly.

its victim's body. Again follows a waiting period, with the body of the victim standing out from the beak like a great walnut. But slowly the muscles

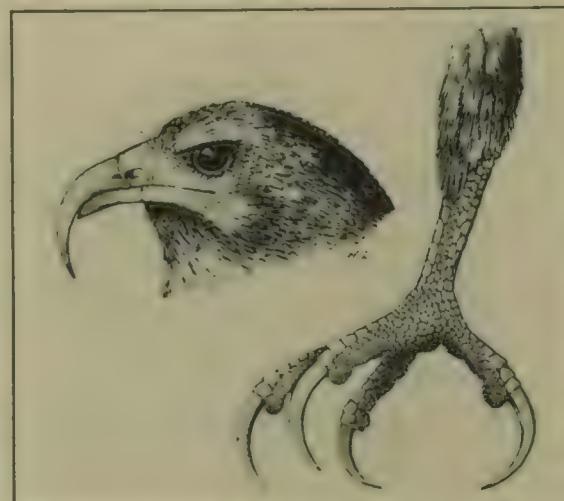


FIG. 3.—WITH BEAK AND CLAWS SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR A DIET OF SNAILS: THE HEAD AND FOOT OF THE SNAIL-HAWK.

The long claws are used to grip the shell of a water-snail, and the sharp hooked beak for spearing the snail when it emerges from the shell.

of the victim's body relax, and with this culmination the hawk, with a vigorous shake of the head, jerks the body from the shell, and before this has reached the ground the luscious morsel has been swallowed. No attempt seems ever to be made to hasten the meal by breaking the shell, which, as a matter of fact, is very fragile, for as many as two thousand shells have been found at the base of one tree, and yet not one showed the slightest injury.

In all birds, of course, one can tell, more or less correctly, the nature of the staple diet by a study of the beak. There is the hawk's beak, the seed-eater's beak, the fish-eater's beak, and so on. But we are discussing here the exceptions to the rule obtaining in this or that tribe. The beak of the hawfinch, for example, is that of a seed-eater. But it fell to my good fortune, some years ago, to be the first to point out that within this formidable weapon there was to be found a most effective apparatus for cracking the hard stones of hawthorn and other berries. This apparatus takes the form of a broad, horny, striated pad, on the roof of the mouth, presenting a surface like a file, which is brought to bear upon two horny cushions, one on each side of the lower jaw (Fig. 5). No other bird, apparently, possesses such an apparatus,



FIG. 4.—PROBABLY USED AS A HAMMER: THE VERY REMARKABLE SKULL OF THE HELMETED HORNBILL, SHOWN IN SECTION.

"This section through the very remarkable skull of the Helmeted Hornbill shows the dense horny plate forming the front of the casque, and the bony buttress behind it which evidently seems to take the stresses caused by violent hammering."

low over the swamp, seizes its victim with one of its feet, and bears it off to the nearest tree.

Here it must wait patiently until the snail chooses to thrust out the fore-part of its body from the shell.



FIG. 5.—ADAPTED FOR CRACKING FRUIT STONES: THE STRANGE CRUSHING-PAD ON THE ROOF OF THE MOUTH OF THE HAWFINCH, WITH CUSHIONS ON THE LOWER JAW WORKING IN OPPOSITION TO THE PAD.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

is used as a hammer, like the King's seal in the tale of "The Prince and the Pauper," "to crack with." But no one has ever seen it employed for this purpose. It is but a guess awaiting confirmation.

THE U.S. WORLD-FLIERS BACK IN AMERICA: LABRADOR AND BOSTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY P. AND A. (NEW YORK) AND C.N.



REACHING AMERICAN WATERS AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THEY LEFT ALASKA ON THEIR FLIGHT ROUND THE WORLD:
TWO OF THE UNITED STATES SEAPLANES TAXI-ING TOWARDS THE SHORE AT ICETICKLE, LABRADOR.



WHERE THEY WERE GREETED BY THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS, THE CHIEF OF THE U.S. ARMY AIR SERVICE, AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR
A GREAT WELCOME TO THE U.S. WORLD-FLIERS AT BOSTON AERODROME, THEIR FIRST OFFICIAL STOP ON UNITED STATES SOIL.

In the homeward stages of their great flight round the world, the United States airmen reached the American continent (for the first time since they left Alaska) on August 31, when they landed at Iceticicle, in Labrador, having flown 570 miles from Greenland in 6½ hours. They alighted safely in a small cove amid the cheers of the inhabitants, and the next day received a message from President Coolidge. The King has also sent them his congratulations. They first actually touched the soil of the United States on September 5, when they were forced down by fog on a little sand-spit at Mere Point, Maine, 130 miles from Boston.

which was their first official landing-point in their home territories. There next day they received a great welcome from huge crowds as they taxied along Boston Harbour to their moorings. They came ashore in an Admiral's gig, and were received by Major-General Patrick, Chief of the U.S. Army Air Service, amid the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Governor Cox, of Massachusetts, and Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador, were present. The airmen have since visited New York and Washington, and on September 13 reached Dayton, Ohio, on the final flight across the continent to the starting-point in California.

LOCUST-FIGHTING: "MILITARY ORGANISATION" AGAINST A PLAGUE THAT AFFLICTS ARGENTINA, PALESTINE, AND AFRICA.

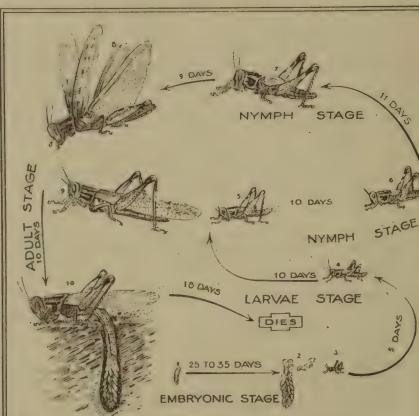
ARTICLE BY LEONARD MATTERS. ILLUSTRATIONS SUPPLIED TO HIM BY THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT.



THE ARGENTINE FARMERS' "FRONT LINE" AGAINST AN ADVANCING ARMY OF LOCUSTS IN THE "HOPPER" STAGE, WHEN THEY CRAWL OVER THE GROUND AND ARE EASILY ATTACKED: A FIFTY-MILE-LONG ZINC BARRIER, AGAINST WHICH THEY PILE THEMSELVES IN MASSES.

"Of all the troubles that harass the agriculturist in foreign lands," writes Mr. Leonard Matters, "a plague of locusts is the worst. Droughts, floods, tornadoes, and rabbits each constitute a special trial to the farmers of Africa, Australia, and the United States. Quite common those countries have also to contend with the locusts. In the case of the Argentine Republic this is the one persistent pest that, apparently, will never be eradicated. And if the Argentine farmer had the choice between his own special enemy and those that inflict such harm upon his fellows in other lands, he would gladly make an exchange and consider himself lucky. Locusts are always present in some parts of the Argentine. Though it is claimed that they do not breed within the Republic, but come from the remote and unpopulated wastes of Bolivia, Brazil, and Paraguay, they are to be found all the year round in some of the Argentine provinces. In the same manner, however, by invading the country in hundreds of millions, the regular dwellers within the boundaries of the Republic make an onslaught on the fertile agricultural zones, and, unless they can be checked, they will devastate thousands of square miles of growing crops. It is estimated that the average annual cost of combating the pests and making good the damages done is from two to three million pounds. Actually the Argentine Government maintains a constant war on the locusts. The 'Defensa Agricola' (Agricultural Protection Department) represents the general staff responsible for the never-ending campaign against the pest. Throughout the country, and right away on the frontiers of the Republic, there are divisional and battalion headquarters whose duty it is to observe and report on the activities of the locusts, and at many strategical points companies of men are held in readiness to attack the invading host. Moreover, there are several 'arsenals' in which the material of war is got ready and kept in reserve against the moment when the advance posts report that the enemy is on the march or in flight, and it is essential to protect a given area of land from ruinous invasion. An analysis of the changes and movements of invasion of the locust pest discloses many interesting facts, and demonstrates how essential it is, if the invader is to be fought with success, that something very much like a military organisation must be pitted against him. About every seven years the locusts reach a maximum of strength, as though they had been building up their forces and

(Continued in Box 2.)



FROM LARVA TO FINAL EGG-LAYING: STAGES IN THE LIFE OF A LOCUST—ABOUT 20 DAYS, DURING WHICH ONE FEMALE PRODUCES A PROGENY OF SOME 250,000.

preparing themselves for the attack in their remote fastnesses. They generally invade the Argentine Republic in three well-defined columns, representing right, left, and centre armies. These columns fly a certain distance, and then alight on the ground to lay eggs. In the ground, each female will lay from 60 to 120 eggs at a sitting. Having eaten, the ground becomes the first camping and nesting place, the swarms fly on, descending at night, eating all they can, and then moving forward steadily but surely. Those who are watching the movements of the enemy get plenty of warning, because from all points along the frontier telegrams daily pour in on the general staff, and bulletins are issued to the agricultural centres stating that locusts are on the move, and precautions must be taken. Meanwhile the advancing hosts are cleared every day before them. At intervals of from 15 to 20 days the invaders in further batches begin to appear, and so, before the original swarms have reached the limits of their incursions, there are new armies of locusts literally sprouting from the ground at their rear. It is these newly born armies that the farmers fear most, and against which all the energy of destructive war is directed. The life of a locust is approximately 220 days. It passes through several stages in its metamorphosis. Hatched after 25 to 35 days of incubation in the warm earth, it is, for a limited period, in the larva stage. Then it becomes a 'hopper,' and at 20 to 25 days it has grown and fed enough to become a 'migrator,' which comparatively helpless against man's attack, but when it rises into the flight it is safe. Every effort is consequently made to destroy the locusts while they must keep to the ground. In black swarms that make the earth seem alive and in motion, the hoppers crawl over the country, devouring everything

(Continued in Box 2.)



NATURE'S ANTIDOTE TO THE LOCUST: A PARASITIC FLY (SARCOPHAGA CARIDEI BRETHESI), WHICH DESTROYS MILLIONS, BUT STARVES WHEN LOCUSTS DISAPPEAR.

(Continued.)
in the war on the locust. A French expert is reported to have developed a virus that will kill the locust, but his experiments in Algeria have not given any positive results so far. Argentine authorities pin their faith, after direct attack in the manner already described, to the operations of a parasitic fly, whose enmity to the locust has been described by Dr. Jean Bréthes in a booklet published by the Biological Institute of the Argentine Rural Society. This interesting insect, known as *sarcophaga caridei brethesi*, after Dr. Bréthes, confines its attention exclusively to the locust, and will not, like other flies, live on flesh or vegetable matter. The female pursues the winged locust, and deposits her eggs in its body, which she pierces with her sharp ovipositor. The eggs duly hatch and the parasitic larvae destroy the locust. Dr. Bréthes states that in the Province of Cordoba, where locusts are present during the greater part of the year, the parasitic flies can be seen in swarms attacking their enemy. Why the fly does not completely eradicate the pest is explained by the



CHECKED BY A ZINC BARRIER AND FALLING INTO A TRAP CONSISTING OF A TRENCH WITH OVERHANGING ZINC EDGES: "MASS ATTACK" OF LOCUSTS IN THE HOPPER STAGE DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION.



INSECT PESTS OF WHICH OVER 60,000 TONS WERE DESTROYED IN A SINGLE YEAR IN ARGENTINA: TWO HUGE MOUNDS OF LOCUSTS TRAPPED BY ZINC BARRIERS AND READY TO BE BURNED.

that, as the locusts disappear, so the swarms of parasitic insects die of starvation. Those locusts which escape to the wilds breed up new armies, and the few survivors of the flies have to breed up in turn to make any impression on the recruited hosts that invade the Republic. Nature does not, in this instance, seem to have made any provision for the maintenance of the balance of power on the right side. Dr. Bréthes realises the weakness of the situation, and in his own claim that the fly is the best agent for the destruction of the locust, and he has proposed a scheme under which the parasites shall be gathered and will be so scientifically adjusted—number of flies to locusts—that pest and parasite will disappear together." Similar plagues of locusts, in Palestine, were illustrated and described in our issue of February 7, 1920, and in South Africa in the number for June 2, 1923.

* * *
the permanent official supervising, directing, and lending their aid with expert locust-hunters and material for barriers and traps. Inspectors at various towns notify all the farmers when the locusts are coming, and commander what labour is required for meeting the invasion. They also pay the farmers for the bodies of the slain at the rate of about fivepence per 100 pounds. Some idea of the destruction that takes place is obtained from the statement that in a single year when the plague was at its worst, the 'Defensa Agricola' reported that 1240 tons of flying locusts, 1550 tons of larvae, and 60,124 tons of hoppers had been accounted for in its direct supervision. In the Province of Santa Fé during the summer of 1920-21, the slaughter of the enemy amounted in four days to 1000 tons; and that same season 35,615 tons of hoppers were killed in the Province of Corrientes over an area of 63,000 acres. How many locusts go to a ton? Apart from direct methods of attack science is taking a hand (Continued on page 528)

FIRST LIGHT ON A LONG-FORGOTTEN CIVILISATION: NEW DISCOVERIES OF AN UNKNOWN PREHISTORIC PAST IN INDIA.

By SIR JOHN MARSHALL, Kt., C.I.E., Litt. D., Director-General of Archaeology in India.

NOT often has it been given to archaeologists, as it was given to Schliemann at Tiryns and Mycenæ, or to Stein in the deserts of Turkestan, to light upon the remains of a long-forgotten civilisation. It looks, however, at this moment, as if we were on the threshold of such a discovery in the plains of the Indus.

Up to the present our knowledge of Indian antiquities has carried us back hardly further than the third century before Christ. Of the long ages before the coming of the Greeks and the rise of the Maurya dynasty; of the birth and growth of civilisation in the great river basins; of the cultural development of the races who one after another poured into the peninsula from the north and west—of these and other problems relating to that dim and remote past, archaeology has given us but the faintest glimmerings; for almost the only remains of those early times that have come down to us have been rough implements of the Stone and Copper Ages, groups of prehistoric graves in the south of the peninsula, and some rude cyclopean walls at Rajagriha in Bihar. On the other hand, from the third century B.C. onwards, we have, on the whole, a fairly clear idea of man's handiwork in general: of his religious and domestic architecture, of his formative arts, of his weapons and utensils, of his personal ornaments and his jewellery, his coins and gems, and of the scripts which he used in his writing. And whenever it happens that new antiquities come to light—no matter to what race or religion they may belong—it is invariably possible to assign them with confidence and within relatively narrow limits to their respective age or class.

Now, however, there has unexpectedly been unearthed, in the south of the Panjab and in Sind, an entirely new class of objects which have nothing in common with those previously known to us, and which are unaccompanied by any data that might have helped to establish their age and origin.

The two sites where these somewhat startling remains have been discovered are some 400 miles apart—the one being at Harappa in the Montgomery District of the Panjab; the other at Mohenjo-Daro, in the Larkana District of Sind. At both these places there is a vast expanse of artificial mounds, evidently covering the remains of once flourishing cities, which, to judge from the mass of accumulated débris, rising as high as 60 ft. above the level of the plain, must have been in existence for many hundreds of years. Such groups of mounds abound in the plains of the Indus, just as they do in Mesopotamia and the valley of the Nile; and they are specially conspicuous along the banks of the old, dried-up beds of the main stream and its tributaries, not only in Sind, but in Bahawalpur State and in the Panjab.

The opportunities for excavation, therefore, in this part of India may be regarded as almost limitless; and, when it can be carried out on thorough and systematic lines, there is no doubt that the field will prove a peculiarly fertile one. Up to date, however, the meagre resources at the disposal of the Archaeological Department have permitted it to undertake little more than preliminary trial-digging on these two sites; and it goes without saying that the remains disclosed are correspondingly limited. Yet, such as they are, they are full of promise.

At Mohenjo-Daro, the main street of the old city can still be discerned as a broad highway running from the south bank of the river towards the south-east, with houses fringing it on either side. What is surmised by the discoverer, Mr. Banerji, to have been the royal palace, stood at the point where this road emerged on to the quays of the river side. Opposite to it, in the now dry bed of the river, are several islands from which rose the principal shrines of the city, the highest and, no doubt, the chief of them all, being a massive Buddhist stupa raised on a high oblong platform, and surrounded by subsidiary shrines and monastic quarters. These remains

date to about the second century A.D., when the Persians were paramount in the north-west of India; judging by the finds already made—particularly from burials, remnants of painted frescoes

inscribed in Brahmi and Kharoshthi characters, new types of coins and other novel objects—there can be no doubt that their further exploration will result in welcome light being thrown on this very obscure period of Indian history.

Valuable, however, as these remains are likely to prove, it is not in them that the real interest of Mohenjo-Daro centres at the moment. Deep down below the Buddhist monuments described above, or at other parts of the site appearing close to the surface itself, there are at least two other strata of buildings belonging to much earlier epochs, and containing a variety of brick structures—the character and antiquity of which can at present only be surmised. Among these older structures one group is especially worthy of mention. Besides various halls and passages and chambers, it includes a massive structure—apparently a shrine—with walls seven or eight feet thick, pierced by several conduits which, in the opinion of the excavator, served for carrying

cottas; toys; bangles of blue glass, paste and shell; new types of coins or tokens; knives and cores of chert; dice and chessmen; a remarkable series of stone rings; and, most important of all, a number of engraved and inscribed seals. Iron does not occur at all, except in the latest deposits, and metal objects of any kind are scarce, particularly at Harappa.

Of all these antiquities the most valuable are the stone seals, not only because they are inscribed with legends in an unknown pictographic script, but because the figures engraved on them, and the style of the engraving, are different from anything of the kind hitherto met with in Indian art. Some of them are of steatite, others of ivory, and others of stone and paste. In shape most are square, and provided at the back with a boss pierced with a small hole for suspension. The animals engraved on them are in some instances bulls; in others, unicorns; but it is to be observed that neither the Indian humped bull nor the water-buffalo occurs among them.

As to the strange pictographs which do duty for letters, three points are worthy of remark: first, that the marks (apparently vowel signs) attached to many of the pictographs indicate a relatively high stage of development; secondly, that some of the inscriptions from Mohenjo-Daro betray a later stage in the evolution of this script than those from Harappa; thirdly, that they bear no resemblance whatever to any ancient Indian alphabet known to us; but, on the other hand, they do bear a certain general affinity to pictographs of the Mycenaean age in the Mediterranean area, though it is not possible to point to any of the symbols as being actually identical.

Examples of this pictographic writing are found not only on the seal dies, but also (at Mohenjo-Daro) on certain oblong bars of copper which their discoverer assumes to have been coins, since they are similar in shape to the early Indian oblong coins known as "punch-marked," though they do not correspond in weight with any recognised standards used in ancient India. Should this assumption of Mr. Banerji's prove correct, it would mean that these coins may turn out to be the earliest in existence, since the first coins hitherto known to have been struck in any other country are the Lydian pieces of the seventh century B.C.

Notwithstanding that the curious ring stones mentioned above have been found in large numbers on both sites, the purpose to which they were put has hitherto quite baffled the ingenuity of the excavators; though, for reasons into which it would take too long to enter here, Mr. Banerji believes that they were in some way connected with

the *Bhartaris*, or shrines of eternal fire. They are of all sizes, from that of a small napkin ring up to fifty pounds in weight, and are made of various coloured stones or marble; but what is particularly curious about them is that in many specimens the upper and lower surfaces are undulating.

Another remarkable and significant feature at the Mohenjo-Daro site is the character of the burial customs. In the earliest period the practice was to bury the body in a hunched position in a brick tomb, generally of square or oblong form. Later on (it may be very much later), the custom obtained of burning the body, as is commonly done in India to-day, and depositing the ashes in a small urn, which, along with two or three others, was placed inside a larger round jar, accompanied by several miniature vessels containing food, raiment, and so on.

To what age and to what people do these novel antiquities belong? Those are the two questions which will naturally occur to the reader, and to which a score of different answers may perhaps suggest themselves. As to the first question, all that can be said at present is that the period during which this culture flourished in the Indus valley must have extended over many centuries, and that it came to an end before the rise of the Maurya power in the third century B.C. So much may be inferred, on the one hand, from the many successive strata of habitation, particularly on the Harappa site; on the other, from the presence of copper weapons, and

Continued on page 545.



UNEARTHED DEEP DOWN BELOW THE BUDDHIST MONUMENTS OF THE SECOND CENTURY AT MOHENJO-DARO: MUCH EARLIER REMAINS—A STAIRCASE OUTSIDE A SHRINE, WITH A CONDUIT COVERED BY MARBLE SLABS (IN THE FOREGROUND).

Photograph by the Archaeological Survey of India, Western Circle. By Courtesy of Sir John Marshall.

off the lustral water when the shrine or image within it was washed. In another part of the same group is what appears to be an altar built of small glazed bricks, and provided with a drain of similar brick-work. Some idea of the appearance of these early buildings, and of their present state of preservation, is afforded by two of the photographs reproduced, the one (on this page) showing a staircase to the south-west of the shrine referred to, with a conduit in the foreground from which the covering of marble slabs has been removed; the other (on page 529), illustrating the glazed-brick flooring in a bay on the western façade of the same shrine.

At Harappa, Mr. Daya Ram Sahni's excavations disclosed as many as seven or eight successive levels, demonstrating the long and continuous occupation of the site during many hundreds of years prior to the third century B.C.; and throughout most, if not all, of this long period, burnt brick of a good quality was used for building purposes. The site at Harappa, however, has suffered much from the depredations of railway contractors and others, and the structures brought to light are in a more fragmentary condition than at Mohenjo-Daro. On the other hand, the smaller antiquities are generally identical in character with those from Mohenjo-Daro, and some of them even are better preserved. These smaller antiquities from the two sites comprise new varieties of potteries both painted and plain, some fashioned by hand and some turned on the wheel; terra-

AN INDIAN "TIRYNS" AND "MYCENÆ": A FORGOTTEN AGE REVEALED.

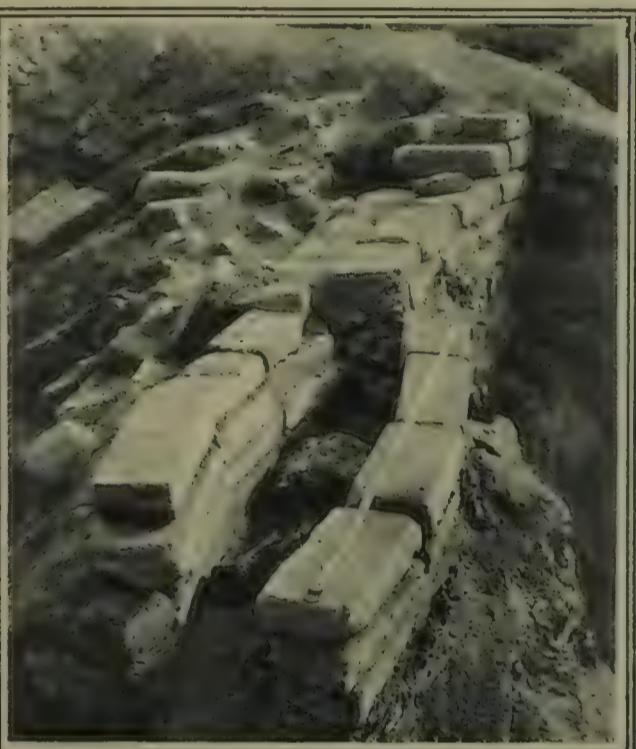
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA, WESTERN CIRCLE. BY COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN INDIA.



ONE OF THE TWO SITES WHOSE REMAINS ARE OLDER THAN ANYTHING YET KNOWN IN INDIA: PREHISTORIC BUILDINGS EXCAVATED AT MOHENJO-DARO, SIND, DATING PROBABLY BETWEEN 1000 AND 400 B.C.



WITH FLOORING AND CONDUIT OF GLAZED BRICK: A PREHISTORIC SHRINE AT MOHENJO-DARO.



TO HOLD A HUNKED BODY: A 3-FT. LONG BRICK GRAVE BUILT IN THE WALL OF A ROOM AT MOHENJO-DARO.



BUILT MORE THAN 2000 YEARS AGO, BUT COVERING TWO STRATA OF EARLIER REMAINS: THE SECOND-CENTURY BUDDHIST STUPA AT MOHENJO-DARO, ON AN ISLAND IN THE DRY RIVER-BED.



SHOWING A POT (IN FOREGROUND) THAT CONTAINED EARLY INDIAN OBLONG "PUNCH-MARKED" COINS (KARSHAPANAS): MASSIVE BRICK WALLS OF THE SECOND AND THIRD PERIODS AT MOHENJO-DARO.

The remarkable discoveries here illustrated put back by several centuries the date of the earliest known remains of Indian civilisation. In his deeply interesting article describing them (on page 528) Sir John Marshall compares them to the work of Schliemann at Tiryns and Mycenæ, where likewise it fell to the archaeologist to break new ground and reveal the relics of a long-forgotten past. "It looks at this moment," writes Sir John, "as if we were on the threshold of such a discovery in the plains of the Indus. Up to the present our knowledge of Indian antiquities has carried us back hardly further than the third century before Christ. . . . The two sites where these somewhat startling remains have been



ON THE OTHER NEWLY DISCOVERED PREHISTORIC SITE IN INDIA, OCCUPIED FOR MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.: EXCAVATIONS AT HARAPPA, IN THE PANJAB.

discovered are some 400 miles apart—the one being at Harappa in the Montgomery District of the Panjab, the other at Mohenjo-Daro in the Larkana District of Sind. At both these places there is a vast expanse of artificial mounds evidently covering the remains of once-flourishing cities, which . . . must have been in existence for many hundreds of years." The excavations at Mohenjo-Daro were made by Mr. Banerji. "At Harappa, Mr. Daya Ram Sahni's excavations disclosed as many as seven or eight successive levels, demonstrating the long and continuous occupation of the site during many hundreds of years prior to the third century B.C."

"MODERN" REFINEMENTS IN ANCIENT INDIA: ARTS AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA, WESTERN CIRCLE. BY



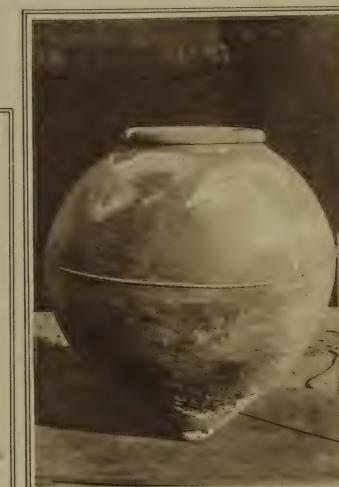
WITH HEADDRESSES RECALLING THE MEDIEVAL FASHIONS IN EUROPE: PREHISTORIC INDIAN TERRACOTTA FIGURINES FROM HARAPPA (SIMILAR TO SOME FOUND AT PATNA, IN BIHAR).



IMPLEMENTS USED BY A PREHISTORIC INDIAN PEOPLE IN THE REMAINS OF WHOSE BUILDINGS THERE IS NO TRACE OF IRON: FLAKES AND KNIVES OF CHERT FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE EARLIER BUILDINGS AT MOHENJO-DARO.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH "SHRINES OF ETERNAL FIRE": MYSTERIOUS RING-STONES (FREQUENT ON BOTH THE NEW PREHISTORIC SITES).



TAPERING AT THE BASE: A PREHISTORIC EARTHEN STORE JAR FROM HARAPPA (WITH A TWO-FOOT RULE BESIDE IT).



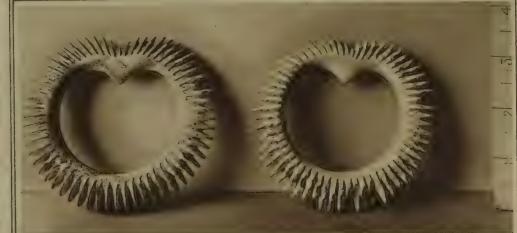
A MODERN REFINEMENT OF LUXURY USED BY A PREHISTORIC PEOPLE IN INDIA: A HORIZONTAL JAR (ABOUT 6 IN. HIGH) DESCRIBED AS A WINE OR WATER COOLER.

CRAFTS OF A NEWLY DISCOVERED PREHISTORIC RACE.

COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN INDIA.



FROM BALUCHISTAN, THROUGH WHICH THE DRavidIAN RACES PROBABLY ENTERED INDIA: PREHISTORIC PAINTED POTTERY SIMILAR TO THE NEW DISCOVERIES.



POSSIBLY WORN ON THE WRISTS OF PREHISTORIC INDIAN BEAUTIES SOME 3000 YEARS AGO: BANGLES (ABOUT 3½ IN. ACROSS) OF BLUE GLASS PASTE, FOUND AT HARAPPA.



TRINKETS WORN BY PREHISTORIC INDIAN PEOPLE: MISCELLANEOUS BEADS OF CORNELIAN, SHELL, AND SO ON, FROM MOHENJO-DARO.



USED IN PREHISTORIC URN-BURIAL TO HOLD FOOD OR RAIMENT AND PLACED WITH THE URN INSIDE A LARGER JAR: MINIATURE FUNERAL POTTERY (1 TO 1½ IN. HIGH) FROM MOHENJO-DARO.



INDICATING A HIGH DEGREE OF DECORATIVE ART IN THE PREHISTORIC PERIOD AT MOHENJO-DARO: THREE FRAGMENTS OF POLYCHROME POTTERY WITH DESIGNS OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.



BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED AND PROPORTIONED: A COMPLETE PAINTED VASE (ABOUT 6 IN. HIGH) OF THE PREHISTORIC PERIOD FOUND DURING THE EXCAVATIONS AT HARAPPA.



INDICATING AN ANALOGY BETWEEN THE PREHISTORIC ART OF THE INDUS VALLEY AND THAT OF BALUCHISTAN: POLYCHROME POTTERY FROM THE LATTER COUNTRY (LOWER ROW) COMPARED WITH EXAMPLES FROM MOHENJO-DARO (TOP ROW).

There is a remarkably modern touch about many of these objects found on the two newly discovered prehistoric sites in the Indus Valley, at Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa, described by Sir John Marshall in his article on page 528 of this number. The discoveries, as he points out, have brought to light evidences of a hitherto unknown period of primitive Indian culture, including a form of picture-writing quite new to archaeology. "The smaller antiquities from the two sites," says Sir John, "comprise new varieties of potteries both painted and plain, some fashioned by hand, and some turned on the wheel, terra-cottas, toys, bangles, of blue glass, paste and shell, new types of coins or tokens, knives, and cores of chert, dice and chessmen, a remarkable series of stone rings, and, most important of all, a number of engraved and inscribed seals (illustrated on page 532). Iron does not occur at all, except in the latest deposits, and metal objects of any kind are scarce, particularly at Harappa. . . . Notwithstanding that the curious ring stones mentioned above have been found in large numbers on both sites, the purpose to which they were put has hitherto quite baffled the ingenuity of the excavators, though Mr. Banerji believes that they

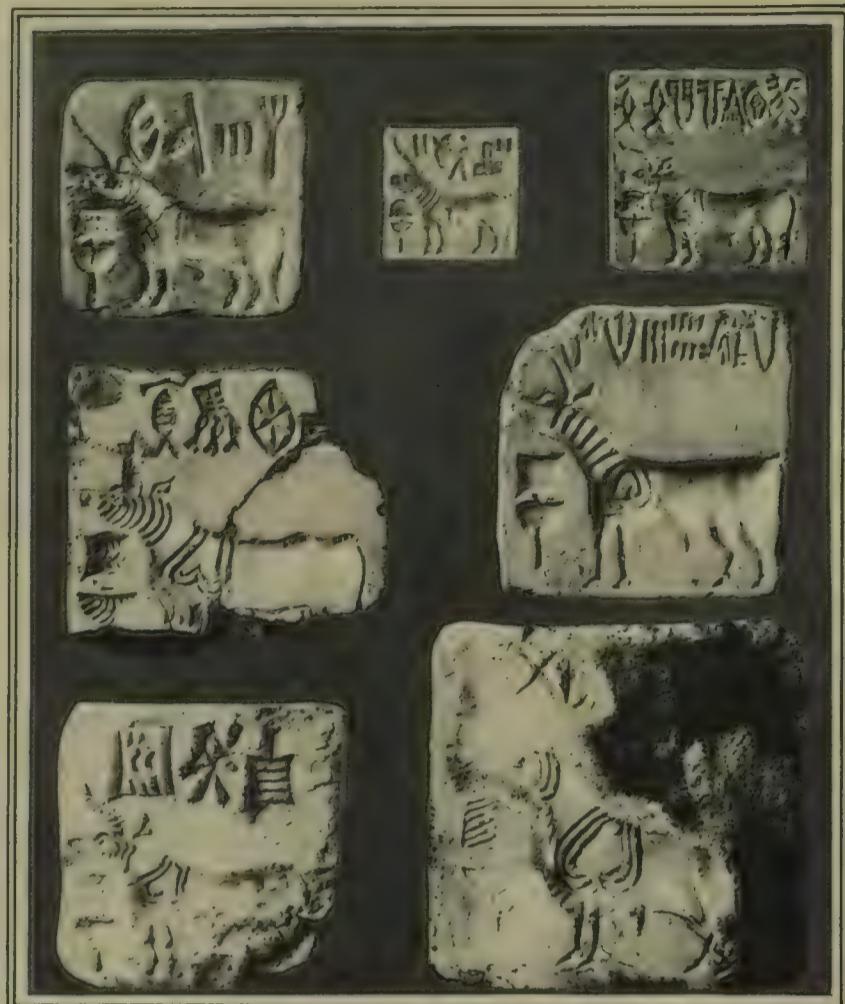
were in some way connected with the *Bhartaris*, or shrines of eternal fire. They are of all sizes, from that of a small napkin ring up to 50 lb. in weight, and are made of various coloured stones or marble; but what is particularly curious about them is that in many specimens, the upper and lower surfaces are undulating. Another remarkable and significant feature at the Mohenjo-Daro site is the character of the burial customs. In the earliest period the practice was to bury the body in a hunched position in a brick tomb (see page 529). Later on the custom obtained of burning the body, as is commonly done in India to-day, and depositing the ashes in a small urn which, along with two or three others, was placed inside a larger round jar, accompanied by several miniature vessels containing food or raiment." It is an interesting problem who these prehistoric people were, and whence they came. "Painted pottery and other objects somewhat analogous to those from Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa have been found in Baluchistan, and there are linguistic reasons for believing that it was by way of Baluchistan that the Dravidian races (thought by some writers to have been originally connected with the Mediterranean) entered India."

UNKNOWN INDIAN PICTURE-WRITING: A NEW PROBLEM IN PALÆOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA, WESTERN CIRCLE, BY COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN INDIA.



ENGRAVED WITH A PICTOGRAPHIC SCRIPT UNLIKE ANY PREVIOUSLY KNOWN INDIAN ALPHABET, BUT SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING MYCENÆAN PICTOGRAPHS: PREHISTORIC SEALS FROM MOHENJO-DARO AND HARAPPA.



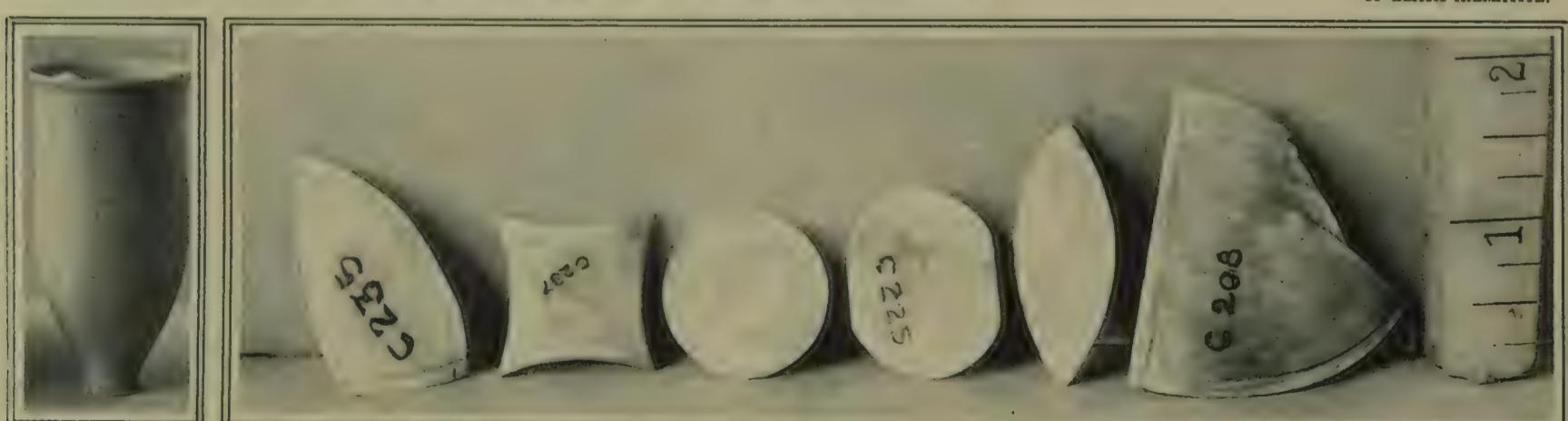
BEARING FIGURES OF BULLS AND MYSTERIOUS PICTOGRAPHIC SYMBOLS, SOME RESEMBLING ROMAN NUMERALS: PREHISTORIC INDIAN SEALS FROM HARAPPA AND MOHENJO-DARO WITH AN UNKNOWN FORM OF PICTURE-WRITING.



MADE PERHAPS TO AMUSE LITTLE PREHISTORIC PEOPLE IN THE INDUS VALLEY TWO OR THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO: TERRA-COTTA ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND OTHER TOYS FROM MOHENJO-DARO.



USED WITH A PREHISTORIC MORTAR: A PESTLE OF BLACK HÆMATITE.



PREHISTORIC CREMATION: A FUNERAL URN OF RED GLAZED WARE.

PREHISTORIC INDIAN DECORATIVE ART: MISCELLANEOUS ORNAMENTS OF CONCH SHELL FOR INLAYING, FOUND AT MOHENJO-DARO (WITH A MEASURE INDICATING THE HEIGHT OF THE BIGGEST ONE—2 INCHES).

Of unique and fascinating interest is the discovery of an unknown form of prehistoric Indian picture-writing, which, like the Minoan script found at Knossos in Crete, still awaits interpretation. The new Indian pictographs occur on seals found at Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro in the Indus Valley. "The figures engraved on them and the style of the engraving," writes Sir John Marshall (in his article on page 528), "are different from anything of the kind hitherto met with in Indian art. Some of them are of steatite, others of ivory and others of stone and paste. In shape most are square and provided at the back with a boss

pierced with a small hole for suspension. The animals engraved on them are in some instances bulls, in others unicorns, but neither the Indian humped bull nor the water-buffalo occurs among them. As to the strange pictographs which do duty for letters . . . they bear no resemblance whatever to any ancient Indian alphabet known to us, but, on the other hand, they do bear a certain general affinity to pictographs of the Mycenæan age in the Mediterranean area. At Sir John Marshall's suggestion, we give all the photographs of seals, so that there may be a greater chance of any of our expert readers helping to elucidate the script.

A RARE BIRD ONCE THOUGHT EXTINCT SEEN RECENTLY.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. E. LODGE.



"THE SIZE OF A GOOSE AND SIMILAR IN COLOUR AND SHAPE TO A WATER-HEN": THE NOTORNIS, A VERY RARE NEW ZEALAND BIRD THAT WAS RECONSTRUCTED FROM FOSSIL BONES BEFORE A LIVING SPECIMEN WAS DISCOVERED.

The Notornis is an exceedingly rare bird of New Zealand, described as "the size of a goose and similar in colour and shape to a water-hen." One was seen last year at Dusky Sound, in the South Island, Fiord district, where specimens had previously been captured, the last one as long ago as 1898. It is an interesting fact that the Notornis was first discovered in fossil form before it was ever seen alive, and scientists regarded it as extinct. It was in 1847 that part of a fossil

skull was found, by Mr. W. Mantell, among volcanic ashes in the North Island, and from these remains the bird was reconstructed by Professor Owen. The first living specimen, caught in 1849, verified his work almost exactly. This specimen was caught, killed, and eaten by a party of sealers, but Mr. Mantell obtained the skin. Later, three other birds were captured, and the skin of one is now in the British Museum of Natural History.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THROWN INTO RELIEF BY THE VIEWING-MASK: PREHISTORIC MONSTERS.



ATOR'S HEAD
DINOSAURIAN



ICAN
ROM WYOMING.

His neck alone is 23 ft. 3 in. long. The Dinosaur tribe have of late been much in evidence! In our last issue we illustrated dinosaur tracks found in the roofs of mines in Utah, and the famous dinosaur eggs, ten million years old, will be shown in our next issue. A viewing mask, and a card to fit it, will be sent to those who send us a postcard.

LIKE OUR HEADING DESIGN OF ST. PAUL'S: A SALON PHOTOGRAPH.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BENINGTON IN THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY. BY COURTESY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND THE SALON.



"AN ADELPHI WINDOW": A PICTURESQUE GLIMPSE OF ST. PAUL'S, WITH ITS "CROSS OF GOLD THAT SHINES OVER CITY AND RIVER"—A FINE PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BENINGTON.

This finely devised photograph, with a distant glimpse of St. Paul's seen from an Adelphi window across the trees of the Embankment Gardens, is one of the many beautiful exhibits at the London Salon of Photography, now open at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours at 5a, Pall Mall East. The exhibition will remain open daily until October 4, and should not be missed by

anyone interested in photography as a fine art. The view of St. Paul's and the adjacent buildings is curiously reminiscent of the familiar heading to this paper printed on the front page and in a slightly different form on the cover. Mr. Walter Benington, we may add, has three other London studies in the Salon, entitled "Bush House at Night," "A Thaw in the Suburbs," and "Lighting-up Time."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

INTERNATIONAL.

TRAVELLING through several countries during holidays, I met, of course, many people, and again, of course, the conversation soon drifted from politics towards Wembley and—the stage. It was

yet discreet power of the interpretation. Even revue, which at home is considered as a mere pastime and as a kind of holiday for actors, came in for its meed of eulogy. One critic very capably remarked that



TEAM WORK IN VARIETY: THE PRESENT COMPANY OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS, NOW GIVING AN EXCELLENT PROGRAMME AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Our photograph shows (left to right) Mr. Davy Burnaby, Miss Anita Elson, Mr. Melville Gideon (composer of the music), Miss Neta Underwood, Mr. Austin Melford, Miss Hermione Baddeley, Mr. Gilbert Childs, Miss Doris Bentley, Mr. Wolseley Charles, and Mr. Stanley Holloway.

ever so, in a way, but on this occasion I observed a great difference. For years, whenever the English stage was under discussion abroad among people who fancied that they knew something about it, the note was one of disparagement. How often have I not heard it: "The English, with exceptions, cannot act; and as for the plays, they were inferior to the degree of childishness." It was not expressed so drastically—in fact, with much flippant flow of words—but this was the essence. A shibboleth—the remnant of a tradition—just as it was the fashion to exalt the Parisian stage above all others.

Thinking it over, one wonders what these detractors actually saw, and how it came to pass that the tide gradually turned. I fancy that, in the first instance, the vogue of Pinero and Jones, and later, more intensely, the world-wide influence of Shaw, were the predominant reformers; and that, as far as acting was concerned, the régime of Barker made a great impression on all those who, as foreign newspaper correspondents in London or as interested visitors, reported progress. For nowadays a great deal is written in foreign papers about our drama, and one correspondent, Mr. P. van Eyck, the gifted correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, is allowed more space for the review of a single English play than is vouchsafed in three London dailies together. In Germany, too, much is imparted about our drama, and the *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna has in Mr. Sil Vara, himself a playwright of great distinction, a contributor who has the English stage at his finger-ends, and is permitted to hold forth about it to his heart's content. To quote one instance of how highly English plays and players are considered in Holland, let me relate the proposal of a great newspaper proprietor of the Hague to bring "Saint Joan" and Sybil Thorndike and all the company over to the Royal Residence for a couple of performances, with a guarantee out of his own liberal purse. Mr. S. F. van Oss, the director of the *Haagsche Post*, one of the most far-sighted and enterprising editors of the day, has, I understand, the plan still under consideration. There are obstacles to overcome, probably in connection with Miss Thorndike's plans and the difficulty of fitting in the flying visit with the projected provincial tour. But there is some prospect of realisation, and if it comes to pass, what a tribute to our theatre—to say nothing of G. B. S., whom all Holland worships as one of the great minds of the century! In Holland every boy and girl in their 'teens is as familiar with Shaw as in my own youth we were with his literary kinsman, Multatuli, who one of these days will be discovered in England—a little late, as is our way.

But to revert to foreign opinion about our stage. The change of view is truly wonderful and the appreciation as keen as it is acute. I have heard it said that the "trial scene" of "Saint Joan" is the finest episode in the drama of our age—with which I cordially agree. I have heard the performance of "Our Betters" praised as a harmony of aristocracy in acting—rather a neat coinage that! I have heard about Edith Evans in "Tiger Cats," and in the same breath about Robert Loraine and his fellow-players, that their art was such perfection that one never thought of a translation. They did not trouble their heads, these appraisers of our stage, whether the play was of Franco-Danish descent: to them it was English in the true sense of the word—English by the manner, the restraint, the intense

Brussels; I follow with intense interest the progress of the Flemish Theatre, notably in Antwerp, where, under Dr. de Gruyter, the strides are great and the répertoire a kaleidoscope of all that is up-to-date in several lands. But, by gad, I have seen some bad acting and a bad play in Brussels! At the Scala they gave for the sixtieth time a military play, "Le Béguin du Régiment." I like military plays when they are good—I wish we had a Courteline in England; we have no comedies of after-war soldiering—so I went with expectations. But the play and the performance were too horrible to relate—vulgar to the degree of indecency, boresome in ineffective satire, and acted in a way that would have disgraced a third-rate British touring company of 1885—and that was bad enough in all conscience. The leading comedian, a soldier, was made up like a knockabout circus clown, with a caroty stump nose for adornment and big blobs of red paint on his cheeks. And what he said and did—well, there are ladies present, let's pass on! I did, after having endured an act and a half, what is rare for me—went out: an ancient mariner, I never leave the ship before the rats.

Then I came to Holland, and there I had the joy of living the days of my youth once again; for I saw a play forty-five years old, by the master who wrote "Little Johannes," Frederick van Eeden, the freshling of his playwriting days and in its time the talk of the hour. It is called "The Little Porch," and tells half fantastically, half realistically, how the devil came to a little town and upset all the conventions, the ways, and manners of a self-satisfied, smug, small-minded population. A little old-fashioned in its mechanism—well-nigh half a century is a long life-time for a play—the satire is delicious and bites in. It is a wonderful skit on the parochial mind of the period—a kind of "Farmer's Wife" in a Dutch setting. The actors were costumed after the fashions of 1840; the stage-picture was a vision of Holland as it was under our grandfathers. To see Dutch actors handling this material is a treat. They portray these types of small high-life, full of ceremony, hypocrisy, and egotism, to perfection. They literally breathe the atmosphere. There is no attempt at stalling, though the cast was full of actors whose names are household words in Holland. They live in their parts and they live in their narrow sphere. In make-up they have to learn from our people. They are also a little slow of delivery sometimes. Each actor takes his time for his say, and, I may add, generally says it well; but a little more speed would vivify the action. Taking it all round, I saw a kind of unmistakable affinity between these Dutch players and the little band that has, with Eden Phillpotts's famous play, brought new life to the Court Theatre, which is praise indeed.

And this was but my first bull's-eye while doing a round of Dutch theatres. About others more anon. Meanwhile here's good news to the many friends and admirers in England of Eduard Verkade. He is—with Mr. Verbeek—in command once more of the Royal Theatre at Amsterdam, where three years ago English actors spent happy days with "Mid-Channel" and "Candida."



TWO CLEVER RECRUITS TO THE RANKS OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS: MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY (LEFT) AND MISS ANITA ELSON IN A SCENE FROM THE NEW PROGRAMME AT THE PALACE.

Miss Hermione Baddeley made a reputation by her acting in "The Likes of Her" and "The Forest." Before joining the Co-Optimists she appeared in revue. Miss Anita Elson was in "Little Nelly Kelly."

if an actor succeeded in transforming his personality half-a-dozen times in an evening (as he saw at the Vaudeville and the Duke of York's), that actor achieved more than one who created a hero in a single part filling an evening. There is a great deal of truth and observation in that remark. I look upon efficient revue-acting as a feat, an eloquent demonstration of the flexibility and elasticity of the human mind. It demands much more than the average spectator imagines—he looks upon it as stuff and nonsense, or a frolic—it means a mental as well as a physical gift of imagination that is by no means a common endowment.

Having heard all these comforting things about our stage, what about my own experiences? They were twofold—a great disappointment in Brussels, and a great pleasure in Holland. I am very fond of



"A COLD FEAT, CUTTING NO REAL ICE, AND THUS PROVING THAT ALL IS NOT COLD THAT GLITTERS": MR. GILBERT CHILDS (ON RIGHT) LEADING THE CO-OPTIMISTS' ARCTIC EXPEDITION IN "ICELAND," AT THE PALACE THEATRE. The figures are (from left to right) Mr. Davy Burnaby, Miss Neta Underwood, Mr. Stanley Holloway, Miss Doris Bentley, Mr. Austin Melford, Miss Hermione Baddeley, and Mr. Gilbert Childs. [Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

WHEN A BULLET IS FIRED: WHAT HAPPENS IN FRONT OF THE MUZZLE.

BY COURTESY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER, MR. PHILIP P. QUAYLE, AND THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, AT WHOSE EXHIBITION THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE ON VIEW.



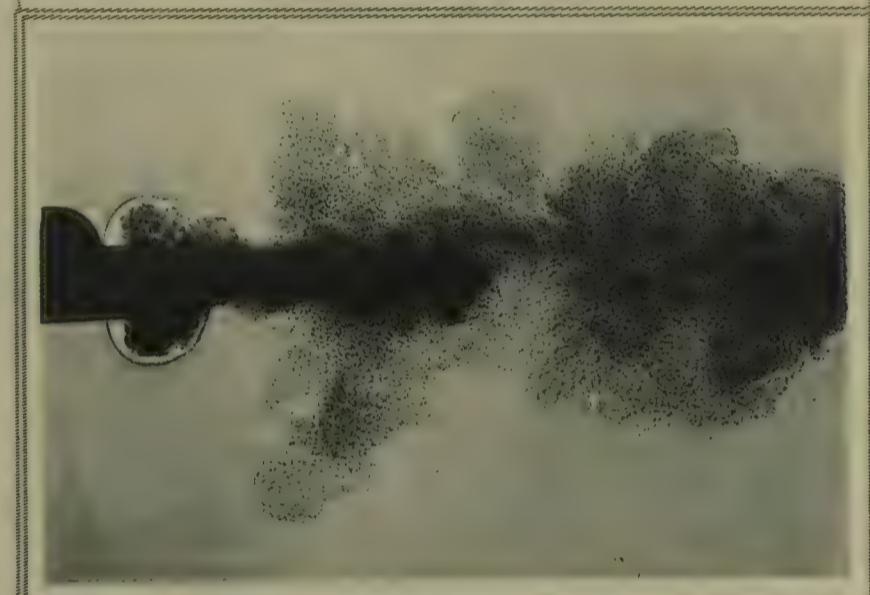
1. THE FIRST EFFECT OF FIRING A REVOLVER: "A SOUND WAVE JUST EMERGING AT THE MUZZLE."



2. "THE RING-SHAPED ADVANCE GUARD OF LEAKAGE GASES" AND "THE WELL-DEVELOPED SOUND WAVE."



3. "THE MUZZLE WAVE IS NOW LEAVING THE PLATE; THE GASES ARE PUSHED FAR OUT."



4. "THE BULLET IS NOW 1-8TH OF AN INCH OUT OF THE MUZZLE . . . A NEW SOUND WAVE STARTED."



5. "THE SECOND MUZZLE WAVE HAS NOW DEVELOPED . . . THE BULLET IS WELL OUT OF THE MUZZLE."



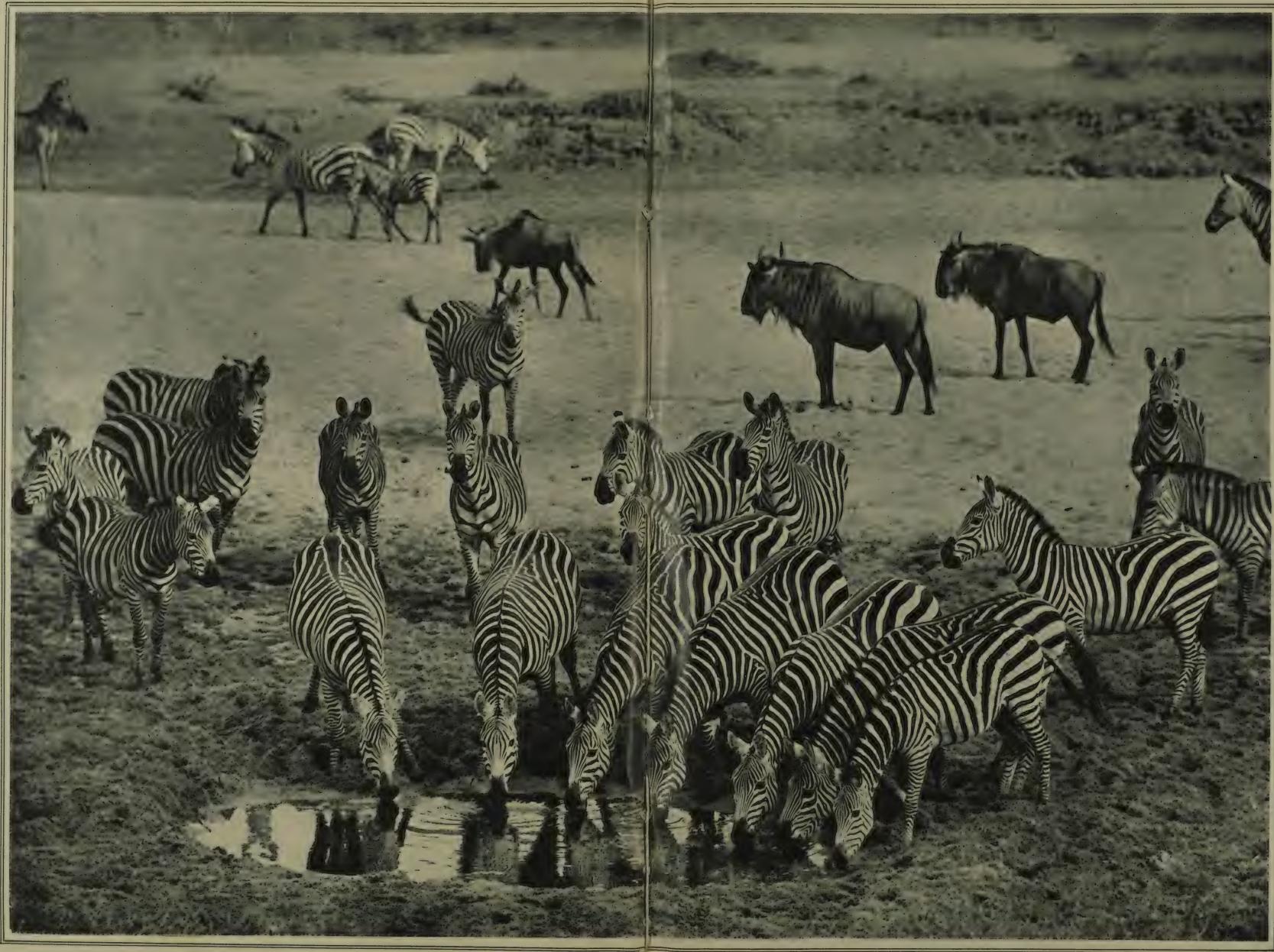
6. "THE BULLET . . . IS ABOUT TO EMERGE FROM THE EXPANDED GAS OF THE PROPELLING CHARGE."

This remarkable "group of six spark photographs, showing phenomena at the muzzle of an 0·45 calibre revolver" is on view at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition in Russell Square. The full descriptions of the photographs are as follows: "Fig. 1 shows a sound wave just emerging at the muzzle. A slight motion of the bullet or some gases that have leaked past it have pushed some of the air in the barrel forward. In Fig. 2 a number of interesting features are presented. There is the ring-shaped advance guard of the leakage gases, which now appear positively for the first time, the well-developed sound wave and the small particles of powder residue, each of which has its wake and waves, the slope of which is indicative of its speed. These particles were left in the barrel by a previous discharge. Some of them are going so fast that they have advanced beyond the sound wave. Fig. 3.—The muzzle wave is now leaving the plate; the gases are pushed far out, with most of the powder particles well ahead. Note that for the first time the wave which originated at the junction of the cylinder with the barrel is now moving on to the plate. Its centre is seen about half an inch

ahead of the muzzle. This wave also encloses a great number of air disturbances. Fig. 4.—The bullet is now 1-8th of an inch out of the muzzle, and the sudden release of the pent-up gases behind it has started a new sound wave. The shape of this wave is that of an oblate spheroid, since its source is not a point but a circle whose diameter is equal to that of the bullet. The wave from the cylinder is now well across the plate. Fig. 5.—The second muzzle wave has now developed into much greater proportions. The bullet is well out of the muzzle and is still being accelerated. The out-rushing gases are impinging on its base and being deflected in a direction at right angles to their former path. Some of the gases which are going faster than the bullet have blown through the spherical wave in the centre of the plate. Fig. 6.—The bullet is no longer being accelerated, and is about to emerge from the expanded gas of the propelling charge, which has been losing speed. The fuzzy appearance of the bullet is due to the bending or refraction of light as it passes the bullet, and is caused by the hot gases which surround it."

THE ZEBRA AS A DECORATIVE MOTIF IN NATURE: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN JOHNSON AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. BY COURTESY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



"ZEBRAS AND GNUS, KENYA COLONY, EAST AFRICA": A VERY STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WILD, BY MR. MARTIN JOHNSON.

The sixty-ninth annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, which was opened the other day at the Society's headquarters, 35, Russell Square, is, as usual, full of interest and well worthy of a visit. As the opener, Mr. J. Dudley Johnston, observed, pictorial photography to-day

has reached a very high level of achievement, which is difficult to surpass. We reproduce here one of the most striking of this year's exhibits. The Society's first exhibition was held in 1854. The one just opened will continue until October 25.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLLINS (CONSTANTINOPLE), ELLIOTT AND FRY, P. AND A., VANDYK, I.B., PHOTOPRESS, KEYSTONE, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



A NOTED MACEDONIAN PATRIOT
ASSASSINATED: TODOR ALEXANDROFF,
THE BALKAN "ROBIN HOOD."



THE ITALIAN WORLD-FIWER RESCUED BY AN AMERICAN CRUISER BETWEEN
ICELAND AND GREENLAND: LIEUT. LOCATELLI WELCOMED BY ADMIRAL
MACGRUDEN ABOARD THE U.S.S. "RICHMOND."



BROTHER OF LORD BIRKENHEAD: THE
LATE SIR HAROLD SMITH, RECORDER
OF BLACKBURN AND EX-M.P.



THE PREMIER'S CAR AND £30,000: MR.
RAMSAY MACDONALD WITH HIS OLD FRIEND,
SIR ALEXANDER GRANT (LEFT).



CO-FOUNDER OF THE BROWNING
SOCIETY: THE LATE MISS EMILY
HICKEY.



TURKEY'S NEW DIPLOMATIC
REPRESENTATIVE IN LONDON:
ZEKAI BEY.



RADIO IN THE REICHSTAG: THE GERMAN
CHANCELLOR, DR. MARX (RIGHT FOREGROUND)
SPEAKING INTO A BROADCASTING APPARATUS.



CHARGED WITH THE POPE'S BLESSING ON THE FRANCISCAN SEPTEMBER CENTENARY
AT CANTERBURY: CARDINAL BOURNE (FOURTH FROM RIGHT, IN FRONT) BETWEEN
THE R.C. BISHOPS OF SALFORD (LEFT) AND BRENTWOOD (RIGHT).



DONOR OF A WHITE ORYX ANTELOPE TO THE "ZOO": THE EMIR OF KATSINA
(THIRD FROM LEFT) WITH HIS SON (EXTREME LEFT) AND NIGERIAN NOTABLES
AT WEMBLEY.

Todor Alexandroff, whose assassination on August 31 by Macedonian opponents under Bolshevik influence was lately reported from Sofia, led a revolutionary movement for an autonomous Macedonia. During the war he worked for the Germans as a spy.—Lieut. Locatelli, who left Pisa on July 25 to fly round the world, with three companions, had to alight on the sea between Reykjavik and Greenland owing to engine trouble. After drifting 100 miles the seaplane was picked up on August 24 by the U.S.S. cruiser "Richmond."—Sir Harold Smith, K.C., had been Recorder of Blackburn since 1922. He was M.P. (Cons.) for Warrington from 1910 to 1922.—It was recently made known that last March Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was allotted 30,000 £1 Preference shares in McVitie and Price, whose managing-director, Sir Alexander Grant, was made a Baronet in June. It has

been explained that Sir Alexander, who, though a Conservative, is an old friend of the Premier, gave him a motor-car to save him from tiring train journeys, and the income from the shares (which revert to Sir Alexander's estate on the Premier's death) is to cover the upkeep and taxation of the car. Sir Alexander received his Baronetcy for his gift of a national library to Scotland.—Miss Emily Hickey was co-founder, with Dr. Furnivall, of the Browning Society, and herself a poet.—Signor Casalini was shot dead by a Communist in a tram in Rome on September 12 as a reprisal for the murder of Signor Matteotti.—Sir William Martin raised over £150,000 for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, of which he was Scottish Secretary for thirty years.—The Emir of Katsina visited London some years ago, and was presented with two peacocks by the "Zoo."

IN REVOLT AGAINST BOLSHEVIST TYRANNY: GEORGIA AND ITS CAPITAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



CLAIMED BY THE RUSSIAN BOLSHEVISTS TO HAVE BEEN RE-CAPTURED BY THEIR TROOPS: TIFLIS, FROM THE EAST BANK OF THE RIVER KURA—SHOWING A GEORGIAN CHURCH IN THE HILLS (CENTRE BACKGROUND).



FIRST MADE THE CAPITAL OF GEORGIA IN 455, AND FOR MANY CENTURIES A STRONGHOLD OF EASTERN CHRISTIANITY: TIFLIS—THE BEAUTIFUL PARK IN THE HILLS BEHIND THE CITY.



WITH DECORATIVE ORNAMENTS AND BELT: A GEORGIAN WOMAN IN NATIONAL DRESS.



FIRST OCCUPIED BY A RUSSIAN GARRISON IN 1799: THE PICTURESQUE CITY OF TIFLIS—THE TARTAR QUARTER.



TYPICAL OF MASCULINE DRESS IN GEORGIA: COSTUME AS WORN AT TIFLIS.



THE CENTRE OF A COUNTRY WAGING A WAR OF INDEPENDENCE AGAINST BOLSHEVIST OPPRESSION AND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF TIFLIS FROM ANOTHER POINT ON THE EAST BANK OF THE RIVER KURA.

The Georgian delegation to the League of Nations at Geneva reported on September 15 that the rising against the Bolsheviks had become general in the Caucasus; that an important tunnel on the Tiflis-Batum line (the only railway to the interior) had been blown up, and the Soviet troops were retreating in disorder; while a provisional Georgian Government had been established at Kutaisi. The movement is regarded not as a mere rising, but a war of independence, both on the part of Georgia and Azerbaijan. The Georgian Legation in Paris on September 15 expressed disbelief in the Bolshevik claim to have recaptured Tiflis. The report was contradicted from Turkish sources, though direct communication

with Tiflis had been interrupted for some ten days. The Legation stated that the revolt was a national movement against the Russian Soviet invaders, who, after recognising Georgian independence in 1920, had occupied the country and maintained a régime of oppression and religious persecution for three years. The insurrection began towards the end of August. On September 11 a message from Riga said that the Soviet was daily announcing the capture and shooting of fresh batches of Georgian patriots, and had proclaimed its resolve to "crush all armed opposition with ruthless force." Later reports from Constantinople said that Georgian towns and villages were being burned and the inhabitants massacred.

"Notorious Fellows": The Gentlemen who Went By.

"THE SMUGGLERS." By Lord Teignmouth and Charles G. Harper.*

THE smugglers of old suffered cutlass-cut and pistol-shot, fire from fuzes and swivel-guns, thrust of bayonet, imprisonment in Hold, transportation, outlawry, forced work in the Navy, "the prevayling power of Hemp," and hanging in chains. Swords were ground against them, "sharp and with

and opened the door of vault, or vestry, or church for the reception of the passing goods; the clergyman shut his eyes if he saw tubs or jars in his way; and it is remarkable what good brandy-punch was generally to be found at the house of the village pastor." The natural "confusion" of the land was another asset, offering shelter and "soft" roads safe from the prying. Populations were scanty. "The churchyards were frequently crowded at night by other spirits than those of the dead, and not even the church was exempted from such visitations." Horses were commandeered—with their owners' connivance; barns, woods and parks were refuges. And it was so in Sussex, and, in lesser degree, in Hampshire, in Devon and Cornwall, and on the East Coast.

Tobacco, tea, brandy and other spirits, cinnamon, bandana handkerchiefs, silks, laces, Leghorn hats, and many another contraband article came in duty free; and out went the forbidden wool the "Owlers" handled when it was sought to bolster up cloth-weaving in this country by starving the Continental looms; swivel-guns for French priva-

sands, and load it with what appeared to be lumps of chalk for lime-burning." Protection was by goodwill, as has been said, but it was also by "batmen," a guard, armed with bludgeons—stout ash poles; some, six feet in length—who were employed to keep off intruders by scaring them or by less gentle means.

That was in the earlier, breezier days, when the smugglers were content, as a rule, to terrorise the few whose hands were against them without drawing more blood than would flow from a cracked sconce; preferring to rule by the fear of damaged crops and maimed stock, and burned houses, wheat-stacks, and hay-ricks. Sufficient, but not over-sanguinary!

Later—perhaps under the dominance of the sea-smugglers, ever more sinister than their jovial comrades of the land—the gangs took to more offensive weapons. Then, even the complaisant rebelled, even those eager to buy cheaply or because it was "agin' th' Government," even those who regarded such "free trade" as a right that had been theirs from "time out of mind." No longer would the innkeeper give the freedom of his "hides," unless he were in league; "labour" was more difficult to get; the parson ceased to pass by on the other side when he found tea in his pulpit and the aisles full of tubs; smugglers no longer "walked" as awe-inspiring phosphorescent "ghosts"; even the slabs of the tombstones of Hurstmonceaux churchyard, it may be avowed, ceased to turn on swivels and receive illicit stores; the double-roof lost its value; "Alsatiats" grew rarer and rarer; farmers voted it impolitic to wink as they had done when they considered sinning to be advantageous, "as finding employ for many who would be otherwise thrown on their parishes"!

Running by force killed the trade. An intensive attack began. Officers and men of the preventive service were increased in numbers and efficiency; "betrayals" succeeded brutalities; more pistols barked alarms; Bow Street runners, magistrates, and judges did their duty firmly. The result was that desired—and now we have few but the little people; the petty defiers of the Inland Revenue, and the more daring boot-leggers brought into being by dry America.

But, says Mr. Harper, "there is a recrudescence of smuggling, on a very large scale, of which the public in general know, and are told, nothing"—thanks, he argues, to the heavy taxation consequent upon the Great War. Further, the authors add: "Smuggling of cocaine and other drugs nowadays takes up so much of the Customs officers' attention that there is some suspicion it is diverted from the question of brandy-smuggling in particular, and of other dutiable goods in general. Of course, the fantastically high duties on foreign spirits have now again made any successful evasion of the Customs highly remunerative."

Commander Lord Teignmouth and Mr. Charles G. Harper, "with a common interest in those robustious old smuggling days," with access to official sources, and, most fortunately, with transcriptions of "secret and confidential documents of the eighteenth century" which have since been destroyed by Admiralty Orders, have written the picturesque story of the "Free-traders" as it has never been written before. "The Smugglers" is excellent in every way: two volumes of fascination.—E.H.G.



"THE ROB ROY OF THE WEST": JACK RATTENBURY, "AUTHOR" OF "THE MEMOIRS OF A SMUGGLER" (1837). Jack Rattenbury, of Beer, Devonshire, is credited with the writing of "The Memoirs of a Smuggler," published at Sidmouth in 1837; but it may be taken that someone more literary penned the "elegant" work, from information received from the smuggler. Rattenbury was born in 1778, and was in turn privateer, fisherman, pressed sailor in the Navy, and smuggler. His life was full of adventure, and he had a gift for escaping, although he was most unlucky.

teers; Fuller's earth, used in the manufacture of cloth; and golden guineas for the payment of Napoleon's troops.

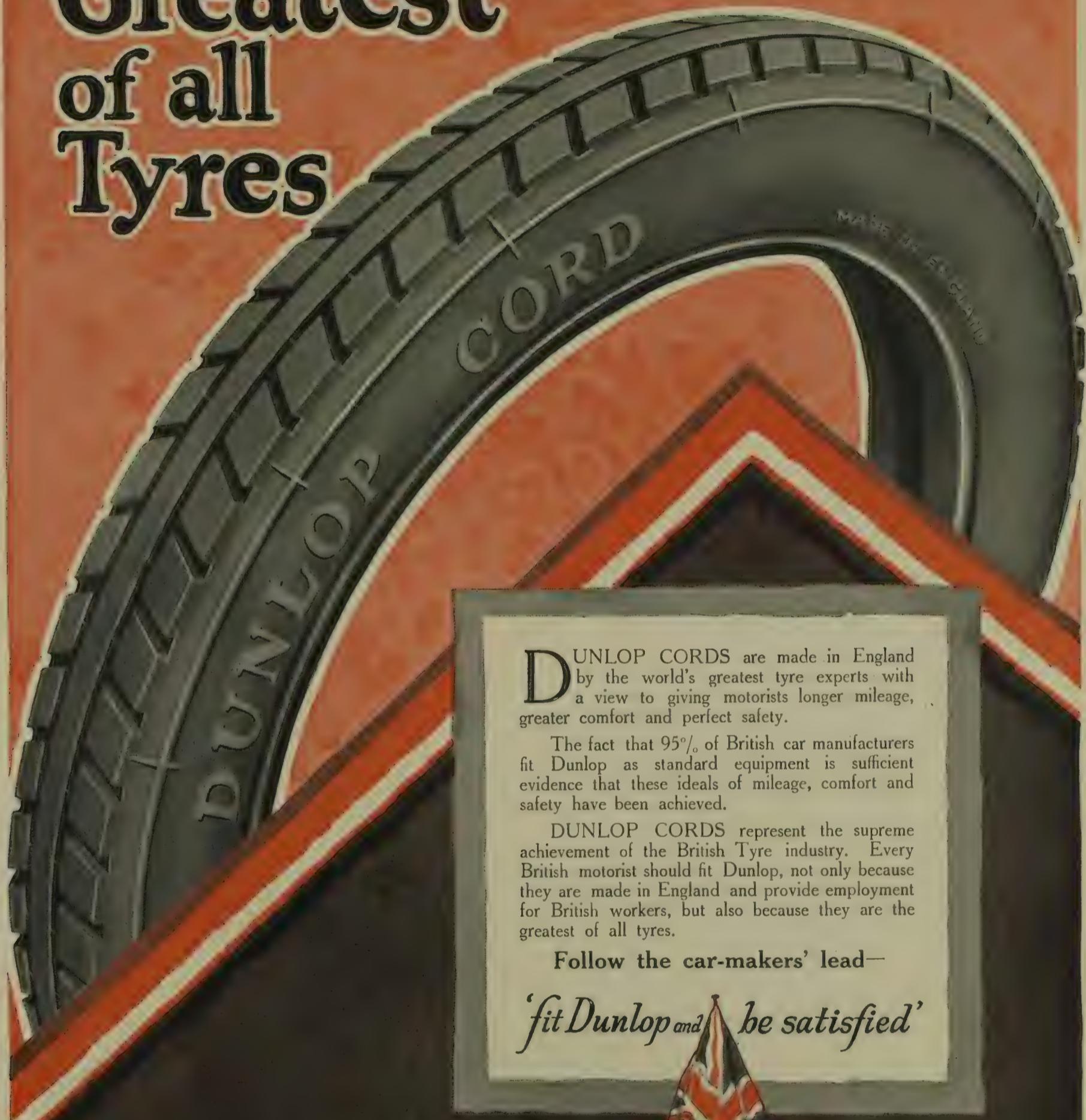
Much of the "Notorious Fellows'" work was simply done; a strong, quick pull to shore, a speedy landing, and a rapid carrying away. But it was not always so. "Crops" were sunk and buoyed—"put in the collar"—until they could be fished up safely. One load was discovered by a Coast Blockade Service man who swam out to investigate a feather that floated on the sea but did not drift, and found it marking a cork that headed a line to dumped liquor. Tubbs were buried on the shore—and a Customs officer trained a dog to nose out anything smelling of spirits! Another device was invented by one "Buffy"—tubs of spirit whose shape and colour were disguised by a coating of Plaster of Paris, studded with gravel and shells, and partially hidden with seaweed, so as to resemble as nearly as possible the blocks of chalk found under the cliffs along the Kentish shore. These would be dropped from boats at night on the beach, above low-water line, so as to be dry when the tide receded. Next day, a smuggler, attired in a countryman's gabardine, would drive a cart on to the



A "SOFT ROAD": SMUGGLERS' TRACKS NEAR EWHURST. Smugglers landed many a cargo near Worthing and Shoreham, and their shore-going comrades bore the contraband inland. Avoiding the much-travelled highroads, and traversing the chalk downs by unfrequented bridle-tracks, they went across the level Weald and past the Surrey border into that still lonely district running east and west for many miles, on the line of Leith Hill, Ewhurst, and Hindhead." There may still be seen the "soft roads" along which the "free-traders" carried their merchandise.

Illustrations Reproduced from "The Smugglers," by Courtesy of the Authors and of the Publisher, Mr. Cecil Palmer.

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DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



THE LATE ARRIVAL.



THE REPROACH.



PENITENCE.



FORGIVENESS.

"THE REPROBATE": AN INCIDENT OF HOME LIFE IN THE OSTRICH FAMILY.

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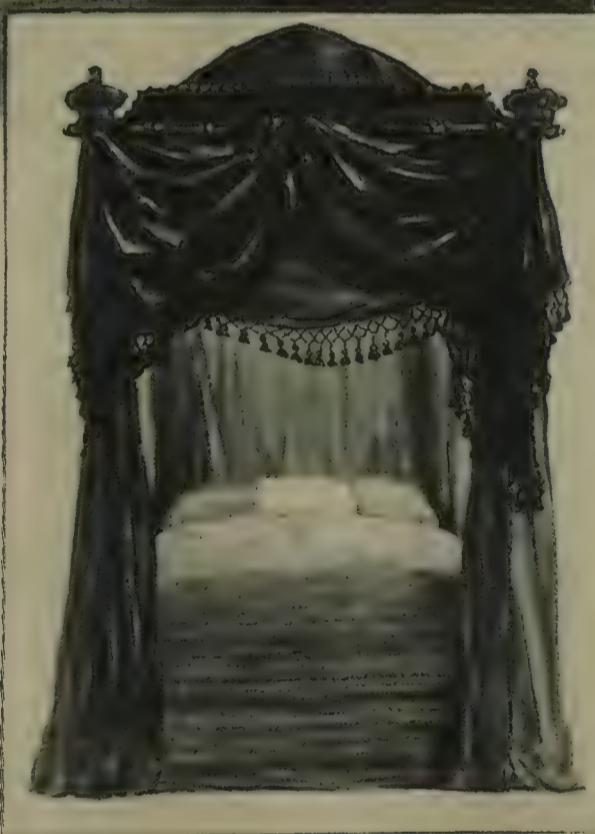


The Dining Hall, Newstead Abbey.

*Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers joined
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts
Might shock a connoisseur; but when combined
Form a whole which irregular in parts
Yet formed a grand impression on the mind
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.*

No better description than this word picture of Lord Byron's could be given of his ancestral home, ancient Newstead Abbey, that magnificent relic of monastic design and mediæval architecture. The older portion owes its existence to Henry II., who built and endowed this with many another abbey in expiation of Thomas à Becket's death. Happily have these abbey buildings been united to the 16th century castellated mansion of the Byrons. Among the many apartments of great historic interest are the tapestried rooms of Edward III., Henry VIII., and the great dining room, finished in the olden style, once the monks' refectory. This old building plays no part in martial tale or civic strife, but it charms with a wonderful individuality, particularly because of its associations with Lord Byron, who here spent his happiest hours.

Individuality is not confined to a person or a building. John Haig Scotch Whisky possesses it by virtue of outstanding merit—maturity and quality unrivalled. Since 1627 it has attained universal fame.



Lord Byron's Bed.

Dye Ken
John Haig?



By Appointment

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE QUEEN has been, I am told, greatly amused by the accounts of the Prince of Wales being stalked by reporters and mobbed by curious crowds during his stay in democratic America. The Prince had looked forward to a quiet time, and was much disquieted about the sensation he created. His only chance would be to have a substitute to take the lionising, while he took his pleasure. I am told that the King has a double, as King Edward had: not that either of them was ever utilised as substitutes; but there is no one like the Prince of Wales. Americans seemed to have been particularly clever in spotting his Royal Highness, however carefully he tried to mix himself up with other people. Now, in Canada, on his ranch and on expeditions to the Rockies, he is nearer nature; and while he has won over the people as a man, there is less notice taken of him as a prince, and this in itself constitutes a kind of holiday for him.

The King and Queen are at one with their subjects over the weather, which remains very unsettled. There was a glorious spell of ten days; and one good day in the Highlands does people as much good as two anywhere else. The Queen is fond of Balmoral, where she takes more walking exercise than anywhere else. Her Majesty has all through the season been much thinner than before, and is all the better in health for it.

Doncaster claimed a large number of the smart racing contingent. The old days when Lord Savile had King Edward as a guest at Rufford Abbey for the meeting, and for some splendid partridge shooting, are past. Lord and Lady Savile are devoted to their boy, now in his sixth year, and there is not so much entertaining at beautiful Rufford as there was in King Edward's time. House parties for Doncaster were many and pleasant. Lord and Lady Scarbrough had several guests at Sandbeck Park. Lady Bradford, Lord Durham, Lord Churchill, and Major-General and Lady Kitty Lambton, the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Lascelles, were among them. The Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, Lord and Lady Glanely, Lord Osborne Beauclerk, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Glyn, Baroness Beaumont, Captain the Hon. Bernard Howard, the Hon. Ivy Stapleton, Lord and Lady Bolton, Sir John and Lady Robinson, and the Marchioness of Bute and Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, were among the very many who were present at the races — enjoyed despite

eccentricities of weather, to which we are becoming resigned through custom. Lord Lonsdale has had a party, and the King placed his private stand at his disposal.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland arrived at Dunrobin Castle the end of last week, having had a glorious cruise in Near-Eastern waters with Lord and Lady Beatty. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, the Duke's cousin, and Lady Londonderry's only sister, has, with her children, occupied the Dairy Cottage at Dunrobin, lent by the Duke for two months. As Miss Florence Chaplin, she worked with the Serbian Red Cross in the war, and was taken prisoner by the Austrians, who treated her very well. She was in a V.A.D. before the war, and also underwent a year's training in a London General Hospital. She is a fine swimmer, can sail a boat, ride anything, and ply a rod with anyone. In the neighbourhood of Dunrobin she is a great favourite, as she was a favourite niece with the late Duke, and a keen helper of Millicent Duchess, who is now Lady Millicent Hawes, and who was a great benefactor to Sutherland. She now lives very quietly with her husband, Colonel Hawes, a very clever and charming man, on a farm not far from Paris, where she has a flat. From time to time she meets in



A deep flounce of chinchilla coney completes this coat of corded black silk from Harrods, Knightsbridge. (See page 560.)



Scarlet wool repp relieved with soft fawn and green stripes expresses this distinctive coat and skirt, which may be studied at Harrods. (See page 560.)

Paris those literary and artistic people who keenly interest her. On the whole, however, she is happier in the simpler life of the farm.

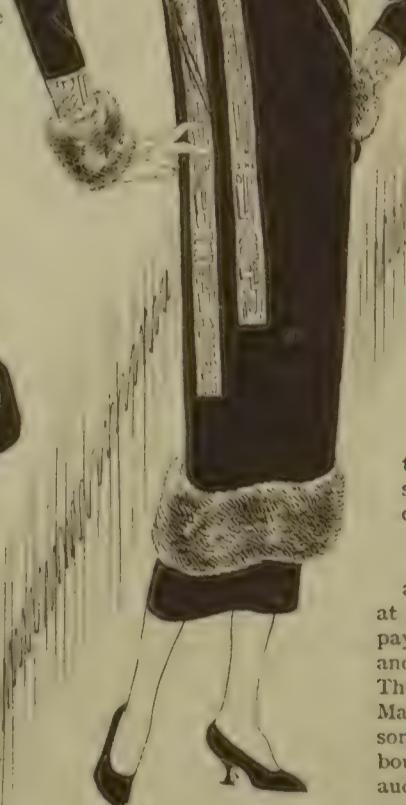
Sir Harry Lauder, who provided an entertainment given by the King at Balmoral to employees, has been paying a series of visits in Scotland, and has attended some of the Games. The entertainment, at which their Majesties, with Prince George and some of the residents in the neighbourhood, were present, delighted the audience, especially, of course, the essentially Scots part of it. Sir Harry is a great favourite everywhere he goes, and so is Lady Lauder, who is as simple and natural and kindly as her husband. This popular pair, after taking tea at a shooting lodge, and Sir Harry catching some trout in the burn, thought that a sketch by the famous comedian might be a pleasant souvenir of the occasion, and Sir Harry proceeded to make one. The party were photographed, and the keeping of a straight face over Sir Harry's quips and fancies was no easy matter. The photographer had no need to ask for smiles!

Last week Sir James and Lady Craig, with their twin sons and daughter, arrived after the sea voyage ordered to Sir James for his health. The question of the Boundary, greatly cleared up by Lord Birkenhead's



A graceful coat and skirt of black crêpe bouclette trimmed with fur and narrow panels of tapestry. It must be placed to the credit of Harrods. (See page 560.)

The loose cape back is a notable feature of this coat of black face-cloth, for which Harrods are responsible. It is trimmed with bands of musquash striped ermine. (See p. 560.)



Scarlet wool repp relieved with soft fawn and green stripes expresses this distinctive coat and skirt, which may be studied at Harrods. (See page 560.)

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letter to Lord Balfour, written in 1922, at once occupied Sir James, whose whole heart is in his fine work in Northern Ireland. He is quite well again, and, happily, full of energy and enthusiasm. The rumoured Coalition Free State Government would, it is thought, be in favour of an amicable settlement between the two Irish Governments, which would be greatly for the benefit of both.

Gleneagles is a wonderful place. The golf course, although inland, is very fine, and the hotel forming the only accommodation in the neighbourhood is palatial, with 150 bed-rooms, tennis-courts, swimming-bath, and everything that golfers could desire. It has recently been sampled by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw (it would be interesting to have G. B. S.'s opinion on an assemblage of golfers), the American Ambassador and Mrs. Kellogg, Sir John and Lady Aird, Sir Hugh and Lady Denison, and Major and Mrs. Lloyd George. Gleneagles is a great hotel venture of the railway company, which deserves encouragement. It will, I understand, be open all the year round.

Susan Duchess of Somerset, who is spending the autumn at The Lodge, Portree, Isle of Skye, has been busy sketching. She is very fond of art in several branches, and recently presided at a concert in the Drill Hall, Portree, in aid of Scottish hospitals. Mrs. Kennedy Fraser and Miss Margaret Kennedy were the talented artists who organised the concert. Susan Duchess of Somerset, who has a very kind heart, and is always ready to aid good causes—those especially which are patriotic—is very popular in the Isle of Skye.

Lord and Lady Lady Dalmeny were recently the guests of Lord and Lady Ancaster at Drummond Castle, Perthshire. The Marchioness of Granby was a fellow guest, as were also Sir Ronald Graham, Captain Dudley Coats, and Captain Euan Wallace. Drummond Castle is a splendid pile, in a picturesque part of Perthshire, and is celebrated for its fine Italian gardens.

The Marchioness of Londonderry opened a bazaar in the Schools, Brora, last week, for the reconstruction of the golf links. Lady Londonderry motored in from Loch Choire. She still keeps "Carol," the house in Brora where her children spent some summers. This year, having taken Loch Choire, "Carol" has been let, first to Lady Violet Brassey and her two younger sons, now to Mr. and Mrs. Pike Pease. Lady Chaplin, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, and many residents in the district were at the bazaar.

A. E. L.



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"DISCOVERIES IN INDIA."—(Continued from page 528.)

the total absence of any iron on either site, as well as from the fact that none of the objects, except the bricks and a few toy terra-cottas, can be paralleled

have been found in Baluchistan; and there are linguistic reasons for believing that it was by way of Baluchistan that the Dravidian races (thought by some writers to have been originally connected with the Mediterranean) entered India. Mr. Banerji himself is inclined to connect this culture of the Indus valley directly with the Aegean culture of the Eastern Mediterranean, and holds that distinct affinities are traceable between the Minoan antiquities of Crete, and those unearthed by him at Mohenjo-Daro—especially in regard to the painted ceramic wares and pictographic inscriptions. But the resemblances referred to are, at the best, problematical, and, in any case, too slight and intangible to warrant any inference being drawn as to a cultural connection between the two areas.

What seems *prima facie* more probable is that this forgotten civilisation, of which the excavations of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro have now given us a first glimpse, was developed in the Indus valley itself,

and just as distinctive of that region as the civilisation of the Pharaohs was distinctive of the Nile. In the marvellous forward progress which mankind made during the Neolithic, Copper, and Bronze Ages, the great river tracts of the then inhabited parts of the world played a most important part; for it was in these tracts that conditions were found most favourable for supporting a dense and

settled population—namely, fertility of the soil, an unfailing water supply, and easy communications—and it was, of course, among such large and settled populations that civilisation had the best chance of making progress. The debt which, in the early stages of its development, the human race owed to the Nile, to the Danube, to the Tigris, and to the Euphrates, is already well known. But how much it owed to the Indus and to the Ganges has yet to be determined. In the case of the Indus, it is probably true that successive migrations from outside had a useful effect, as they did in Mesopotamia and in Egypt, in promoting the development of indigenous culture; but there is no reason to assume that the culture of this region was imported from other lands, or that its character was profoundly modified by outside influences.

[The above article by Sir John Marshall is illustrated by four pages of photographs in this number.]

THE LAST OF THE "LION": LORD BEATTY'S JUTLAND FLAG-SHIP REDUCED TO A HULK BY SHIPBREAKERS—A CRANE ON THE MAIN DECK LOWERING A HUGE ARMOUR-PLATE INTO A BARGE.

H.M.S. "Lion," the famous battle-cruiser that was Earl Beatty's flag-ship at the Battle of Jutland, was specifically named in the Washington Treaty among the capital ships to be scrapped. It was thus impossible to preserve her as a national monument, like the "Victory," as was widely urged. The "Lion" was sold to Messrs. Hughes, Bolckow and Co. for £77,000 and taken from Rosyth to Jarrow-on-Tyne to be broken up about six months ago. The ship, which is 680 ft. long, is now but a hulk, and is shortly to go into dry dock to be cut in two. Illustrations of previous stages in her demolition appeared in our issues of April 5, 12 and 26 last.

Photograph by Topical.

among the known antiquities of the Mauryan or subsequent epochs; while the pictographic writing is totally distinct from the early Brahmi script which the Emperor Asoka employed throughout the greater part of India, or from the Kharoshthi script which he used in his inscriptions on the North-Western Frontier.

As to the second question, it is possible, though unlikely, that this civilisation of the Indus valley was an intrusive civilisation emanating from further west. Painted pottery and other objects somewhat analogous to those from Mohenjo-Daro and Harappa



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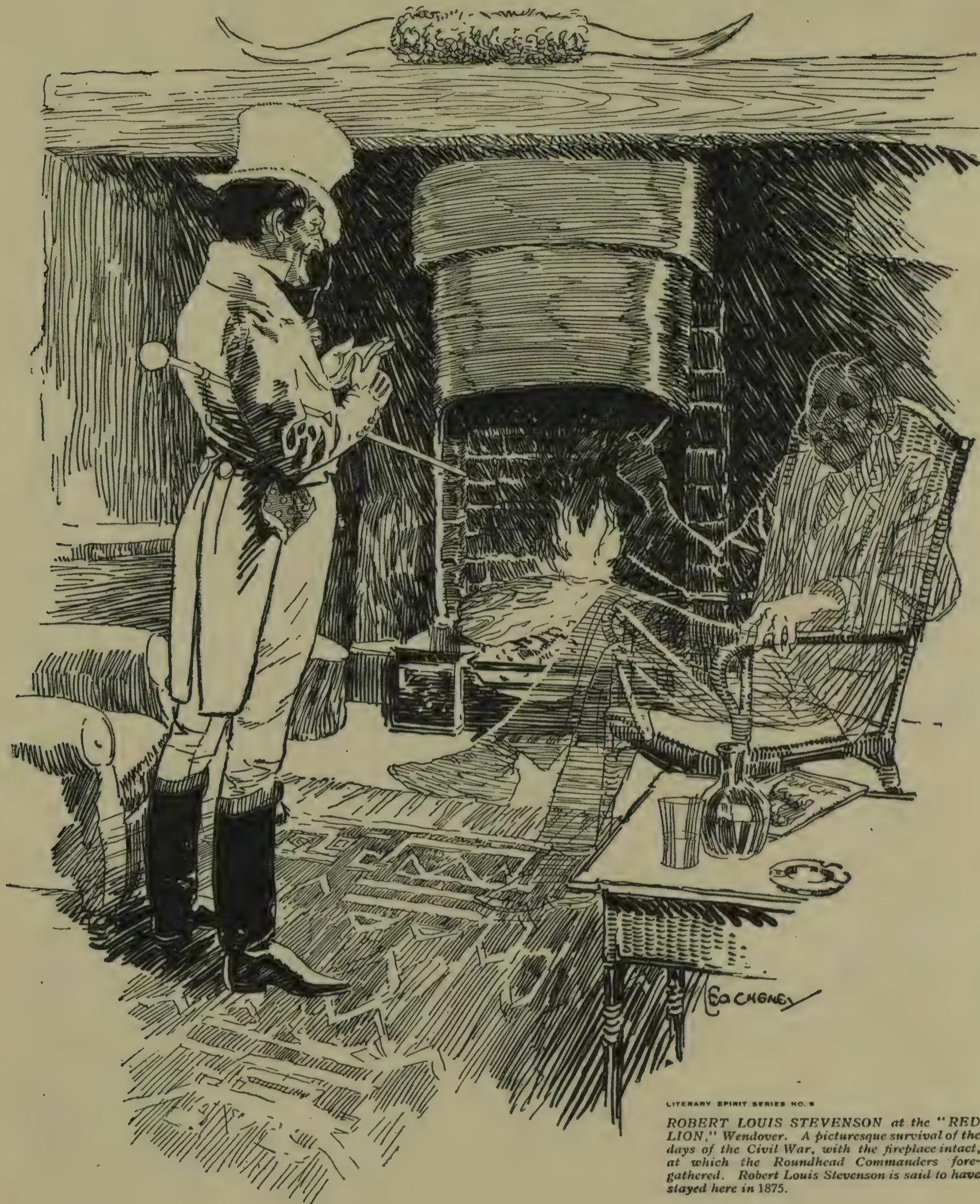
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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON at the "RED LION," Wendover. A picturesque survival of the days of the Civil War, with the fireplace intact, at which the Roundhead Commanders foregathered. Robert Louis Stevenson is said to have stayed here in 1875.

Johnnie Walker:

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Robert Louis Stevenson:

"I could never dispute that title with you."

SPOOFS AND THE SPOOFED: THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ILLUSIONIST.

CARL HERTZ became an illusionist in the best traditional manner. In knickerbocker days he pined to palm and yearned to produce rabbits from hats and coins from knee-caps. His father, as parents ever have, tabooed the stage, and insisted on the dry goods. The youthful Carl was "sacked" for conjuring in business hours. His first public appearance was as an amateur, and, of course, he shivered with fright and was a failure. Still, he was undeterred, and out he went on the road with a travelling company—two performances and a disappearing manager! The result was a reluctant return to the store, but not for long. One of a party of four, he found himself at Petaluma. He had been engaged as a conjurer, but discovered that he was expected to "throw in" Dick Deadeye, which, as he could not sing a note, somewhat perturbed him. Worse: he and the other three had to "double" all the parts in the opera; billed as "Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Pinafore' company." Sticks and stones and threatening eggs kept them in the theatre until five the next morning! Father was confirmed in his opinion and confiscated and burnt the whole of the "prodigious infant's" apparatus.

Not even that discouraged the aspirant, and in due time he had saved enough to start afresh—and start he did, for Kansas City, where he arrived after an eleven-day 3000-miles' journey, with twenty-

"A Modern Mystery Merchant: the Trials, Tricks, and Travels of Carl Hertz, the Famous American Illusionist." By Carl Hertz. (Hutchinson and Co.; 18s. net.)

five cents in his pocket and hope and despair wrestling in his heart.

Followed days of striving to make ends meet; then a first-night's success which augured well for the future. The forty dollars a week mounted to sixty; and from then Carl Hertz did not look back. His fees mounted up and up—and they were in cash and in kind. Miners paid in gold-dust and nuggets, very often with a liberal tipping of the scale, so that

into the cheapest part of the house. In exchange for a goat I gave a four-shilling seat. While for a sack of potatoes three of the best seats were allowed. Some of the poorer people brought a cabbage or two apiece for admission."

And the illusionist was at his busiest when playhouse rents and other costs were low. Indeed, at times, he built his own theatres as he toured, not very substantial structures, it is true, but excellent

for the purpose. Think of that, oh landlords, and sub-landlords, and sub-sub-landlords!

It was so in West Australia in the late 'nineties. Transport was by camels and costly. At Coolgardie, water was worth £1 a bucket, for it had to be carted from Perth. A bath was £1. "There was no bathroom, and the bath consisted of an oil tin, about eighteen inches high and six inches in diameter, suspended from a nail over your head. To this was attached a cord, which, when pulled, tilted the tin and upset the water over you. This was what was called a first-class bath; but the water was not allowed to be wasted, and, if no soap were used, you were only charged half-price for your bath, as in that case the water could be given to the animals."

But against such items were theatres "erected" for about £20, to hold a thousand in each audience. "The theatre consists of a sort of corral built of sage bush, and you can

enclose as much ground as you think fit. The fence is about twelve feet high, and the natives weave the twigs so closely together that the 'Peeping Toms' cannot see through, much less crawl through. . . . In those cases where the theatre was rented we paid about £5 a night, and for this the proprietors not only furnished the theatre,

[Continued overleaf.]



COMMEMORATING THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COMING OF THE FRANCISCAN FRIARS TO ENGLAND:
NUNS IN THE PROCESSION TO THE FRIARY GARDEN AT CANTERBURY.

The 700th anniversary of the arrival of nine poor Friars of St. Francis at Canterbury in 1224 (the first introduction of the Order into England) was commemorated there on September 10. Cardinal Bourne attended Mass in the Church of St. Thomas, and afterwards headed a procession (illustrated also on page 523) to the gardens of the ancient Friary. In Canterbury Cathedral there was a choral Eucharist with a sermon by the Bishop of Truro. Though no combined service was held, all the pilgrims, Anglican and Roman Catholic, met afterwards in the old-world Franciscan garden.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

Hertz was able to write: "I have sometimes found on weighing up after the show that I had nearly £20 worth more than the box-office count of tickets called for." In Fiji, ways were otherwise: "The natives paid for admission to my entertainment in vegetables, poultry, pigs and so forth. If a pig were handed in at the pay-box, two persons were passed

*Bounds into
Favour*

HENLEY

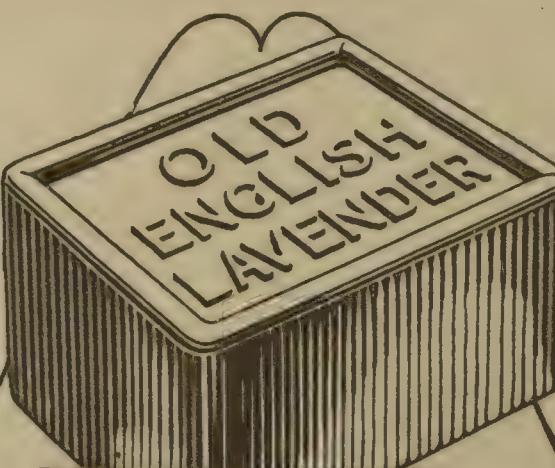
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JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.

"SPOOFS AND THE SPOOFED."—(Continued.)

but guaranteed to keep the enclosure in such condition that no one could peep through; and, to make doubly sure, a guard of four or five men was placed round the sage while the show was going on. The proprietor of the theatre provided and paid the guards." Reserved seats were priced at 2s., and unreserved at 1s.; standing room was 6s.

Java was even better: "At one of the towns . . . I visited I was unable to obtain a suitable building to give my performance in, so my advance-agent had to have one put up. The total cost came to just £1. It was made of palm leaves and bamboo, and the wood used was borrowed, and returned at the end of my engagement." As to Bombay!—Carl Hertz was showing the cinematograph for the first time in India, and it was necessary, if light were to be kept out, to cover the spaces between the boards of the wooden building, which were left wide apart for ventilation purposes. The place held some 1500 people, but its every side was covered and uncovered for a matinée. About a hundred natives tacked brown paper all over it, labouring from seven in the morning until the time for opening in the afternoon, and working again to remove the paper for the evening: charge two-and-a-half rupees (about two shillings) for the job!

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the master illusionist was no believer in "the Indian Rope Trick," as a trick. He could never see it himself, and was unable to find any European who had: it was ever a case of hearsay. He was inclined to consider the affair a product of hypnotism.

Or were the audience deliberately self-deceived, ignoring facts to the acceptance of traditions? Certainly they might have done so had they been Japanese. "In Japanese theatres scenery is used, but there is neither curtain nor act-drop. The stages are made to revolve, so that while one scene is being acted, another is being set at the back. . . . When properties have to be brought on to the stage or removed, this is done by two men dressed in black

alpaca, their heads covered by black hoods, and their hands encased in black gloves. Thus dressed, the audience are not supposed to see them."

To return to our subject. One of Carl Hertz's most discussed tricks was that of the disappearing cage and canary. The illusionist was frequently accused of cruelty, and it was even said that he killed a bird at each show. This was untrue. The canary was unhurt, and Hertz was able to demonstrate the fact on a number of trial occasions. He would deny, in fact, that any cruelty was used in the training of performing animals. "It is the first object of every trainer to discover how animals play when at liberty and to attempt to imitate their games in the performances which he devises. An animal that will not play is useless from the trainer's point of view. . . .

"If rubber balls had not been invented there would have been no performing dogs. Dan, the drunken dog, was trained by rolling a ball from side to side in front of him. The dog, of course, followed every movement of the ball. Afterwards, the ball was dispensed with, the trainer's hands indicating the necessary movements. In a similar way dogs are taught to turn somersaults. A ball is thrown, and the dog springs up at it. The next throw is directed behind the dog, which, in consequence, flings itself backwards. Once the idea is grasped, subsequent training is easy. . . . Sea-lions, like elephants, are natural balancers. The wonderful balancing feats performed by Captain Woodward's sea-lions were first suggested by the sea-lions at play in San Francisco Bay. The animals were noticed tossing pieces of wreckage from one to the other, and it was remarked that they hardly ever made a miss."

Another topic of exceptional interest: mind-reading. The Hertzian description is "musclé-reading." "In all the cases where the mind-reader is supposed to lead a person to a hidden object, the performer is guided entirely by an involuntary

movement of the subject's muscles. A person keeping a hidden object in mind naturally reveals a slight inclination to move hands, limbs or head in that direction. So long as a subject is in this condition he will lead the mind-reader, who is thoroughly practised in his art of watching for the movement of the muscles, directly to the object."

"This is all there is in it. It makes no difference whether I take a person's hand in mine, or place mine on his head, shoulder or leg, so long as it is where there are muscles. The practice all mind-readers have is sufficient to enable them to detect the slightest movement of the muscles. . . . All the tricks of the mind-reader are capable of similar explanation. No living being can do anything by supernatural aid, and mediums, mind-readers and others who claim to work by such means are frauds."

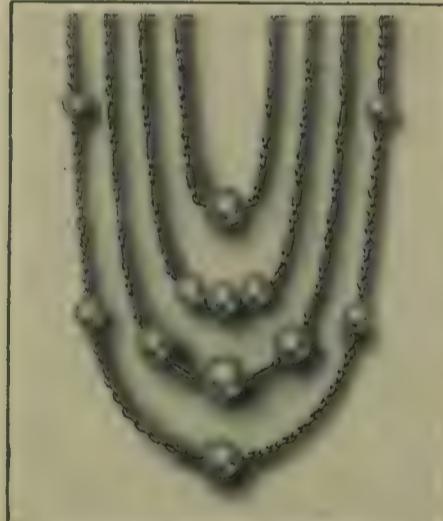
Thus one of the greatest illusionists of his day, writing of his trials, tricks, and travels; telling tales of himself and of others, of sleight-of-hand and confederates and mesmerism, of poker as played by the sharpers and as upset by the conjurer for the good of the "mug," of the Vanishing Lady and the "burning" of Jeanne Granier at the stake, of the three-card and other swindles, of spoofs that failed and spoofs that won through. In his life, Carl Hertz was an entertainer of the first rank; in this his book he continues to entertain and his audiences should be "full-houses."

E. H. G.

The Empress Rooms are going through a process of rejuvenation, and will emerge in a few days with a much smaller "intimate" floor, two new and very good bands, and a series of eleven o'clock "turns" of a very first-rate order. As the Empress Rooms have undoubtedly one of the finest floors in London the news that they will be slightly reduced in size is not likely to affect their popularity. On the contrary, people these days like to dance "jammed up." Fashion so dictates.



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"is not like any other small car on the market. . . . Not the least commendable feature is that the car is faster than any of the non-racing types of small cars; yet it has no roughness of performance and the body design is not stripped," said Mr. Massac Buist in The Morning Post. Standard model 2 or 4 seater costs £185; particulars from

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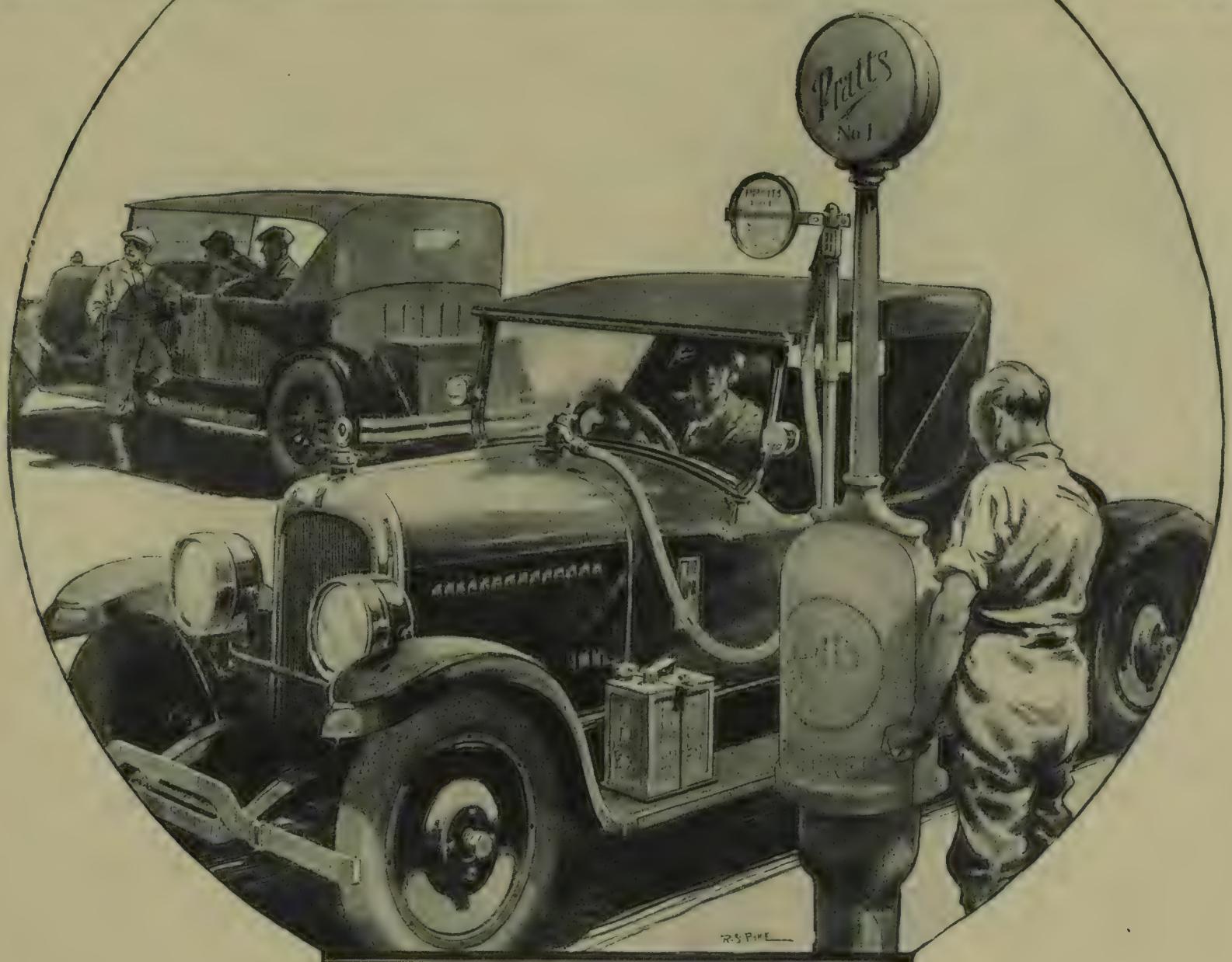
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It can only be a matter of time before Bulk Storage is universally adopted for supplying motor-spirit. That it has so quickly reached its present great popularity is unquestionably due to the efforts of the Anglo-American Oil Co. to induce garages to adopt it. The Pratts label attached to the delivery pipe guarantees spirit of perfect quality—absolute uniformity—and reliability.

This series of announcements is to convey some idea of the comprehensive distributive organisation of the Anglo-American Oil Co., responsible for the maintenance of the supply of Pratts Spirit to thousands of garages and a million motorists. Watch for the next of the series.

PRATTS

*Uniform everywhere
Reliable always*

ANGLOCO

D.A. 389.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SPORT OF KINGS." AT THE SAVOY.
THOSE who remember the admirable work which Mr. Holman Clark has done on the London stage ever since that time—in the early 'Nineties—when he used to play character parts at the Hay-

abandon the conventions of a lifetime not only by yielding to the temptation of making bets, but by actually figuring on the race-course as a welshing bookmaker, is certainly a very diverting figure, alike as conceived by Mr. Hay and as played with a happy mixture of broad effect and stipple by Mr. Clark. Those who like an evening of boisterous fun should make a point of sampling the new entertainment at the Savoy. They will enjoy themselves thoroughly.

PAVLOVA AT COVENT GARDEN.

During the last fifteen years we have had, not our fill—that would be an ungracious phrase to use—but at any rate a fairly complete supply of those constant imports, the Russian dancers. Lydia Kyasht, Karsavina, Lopokova, Tchernicheva and the Romanovs have all been popular, each in her own way. But none has won quite that place in the heart of the British public that Pavlova captured so many years ago, and has retained ever since. There is something exquisite and lyrical in Pavlova's dancing, which, seen at its best when she had so famous and splendid a partner as Mordkin, appears scarcely less alluring and entrancing now than she is, as it

were, a soloist. "Don Quixote," the two-act ballet (invented by her new partner, M. Novikov) in which she is making her reappearance at Covent Garden, is not the most suitable vehicle for the display of Anna Pavlova's genius. But such opportunities as it gives the great dancer, particularly the moonlit dream scene, she seizes with incomparable art. And, of course, she

gives us the old and ever new and ever delightful "Swan" dance. It is a pity that Pavlova should have opened with such a piece as "Don Quixote," in which it is difficult to say which is the poorer stuff, the music or the ballet. Fortunately, she is to be with us for a month; and so there should be ample occasion, by a change of programme, for her appearance at her very best.

"THE CLAIMANT." AT THE QUEEN'S.

To see so able a manager as Mr. Basil Dean and so competent an actress as Miss Fay Compton descending to the old-fashioned romantics of "The Claimant" would be a pathetic spectacle if it were not a humorous one; for, after all, it may be doubted whether there is much money in M. F. Watt's play.

(Continued on page 564.)



THE UNITED STATES WORLD-FLIERS IN ICELAND: TAKING IN A SUPPLY OF SHELL AVIATION SPIRIT AT REYKJAVIK.

The U.S. world-fliers took part in the Defence Day parade at Washington on September 12, before beginning their final flight across the continent back to their starting-point at Seattle. They left Reykjavik, after some weeks' stay, on August 21. Supplies of Shell Aviation spirit had been deposited for them at many points on their route round the world—namely, Rangoon, Akyab, Calcutta, Delhi, Allahabad, Mooltan, Karachi, Bushire, Charbar, Bandar Abbas, Baghdad, Aleppo, Konia, San Stefano, and Constantinople, as well as in Iceland and Greenland.—[Photograph by Iceland Moving Pictures, Ltd.]

market under Beerbohm Tree's management, will be delighted to hear of the big success he has just made at the Savoy as a sort of modern Pecksniff in the new comedy "The Sport of Kings." Years ago it used to be Mr. Henry Arthur Jones who showed up the (alleged) hypocrisy of the Puritan; witness "Saints and Sinners," "The Crusaders," and "The Triumph of the Philistines." Now it is Ian Hay's turn to baste them, and he does it well and amusingly enough; in the way, though, of farce rather than of comedy. The canting and wealthy old humbug who is made to



THE WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER: THE AGA KHAN'S SALMON TROUT (B. CARSLAKE UP) BEING LED IN BY HIS TRAINER, MR. R. DAWSON, AFTER THE RACE.

Salmon Trout, which started at 6 to 1 against, won the St. Leger at Doncaster on September 10 by two lengths from Santorb, with Polyphontes, the favourite, third. On page 522 of this number we give an interesting old wood-cut, showing the finish of the St. Leger of 82 years ago, reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of September 17, 1842.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]



"And what's that agile little acrobat at the end of your pole, my dear?"

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The *original*, exclusive, old fashioned "B.L." blended by Bulloch, Lade and possessing a peculiarly characteristic Highland and Hebridean bouquet. A Whisky of pre-war quality and superior strength (25 u.p.)—well favoured by those who know, who really know, whisky: costing 15/- per bottle, yet not costly, for each bottle yields more glasses—with richer contentment in every glass.

"B.L." Gold Label Extra Special Scotch Whisky is obtainable at 15/- per bottle, from leading wine merchants of London and the Provinces, including (in London) the following stores: John Barker & Co. Ltd., Civil Service Supply Association Ltd., Harrods Ltd., Selfridge & Co. Ltd., Wm. Whiteley Ltd., Gappa Ltd., Victoria Wine Company and at Hotels, Restaurants, etc.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Motor Show.

Low-pressure tyres and front-wheel braking are to be the two outstanding developments of the forthcoming Motor Show. As we already know all about these, I think we may take it as read that there

to a point which means that at reasonably high car speeds the motor has to turn so fast that it is fussy. The "fourteen" certainly scores in this, that it can push a higher gear, and so the revolutions at high road speeds can be kept within the comfortable margin. It is the last couple of hundred revolutions that make all the difference. Personally, I welcome

the tendency, for, though I am very fond of the modern high-efficiency engine, I realise its limitations and think it will be all to the good of motoring generally when we get our power more from generous cylinder capacity than from ultra-efficiency.

Apart from the directions I have noted I do not think we can look forward to any striking departures.

Running Costs of Cars.

One of the questions I am most frequently asked

is: What does it cost per mile to run a small car? As a rule, the answer I give is that it all depends. There are so many factors which affect the cost of running a car that it is virtually impossible to lay down any definite figure for any type of car.

If we take the light car class, to which the question most often refers, I should say that, given average luck, a running cost of about fivepence per mile ought to be near the mark. I often hear of people who say they do much better than that, but, as a rule, their figures do not bear out their ideas of what the car is costing them; there is almost always something forgotten or not allowed on the schedule. I have an excellent case in point before me as I write. A year or so ago I was asked to recommend a make of car for the use of the travellers of a large concern.

WITH MR. F. W. SHORLAND, SALES MANAGER, AT THE WHEEL:
THE NEW 10-23-H.P. TALBOT SPORTS MODEL.

This car has been entered for numerous hill-climbs and speed trials, organised by the various automobile clubs in the South of England.

will be no startling novelties. Extra refinement in detail we shall see, no doubt. Also, I expect to find that there is a distinct tendency to give us bigger engines in the smaller car classes. Already several leading firms who have specialised in "tens" or "eleven-point-nines" have gone one bigger by making cars of about 14-h.p. rating, and this movement is likely to spread. The smaller engines no doubt do their work excellently well, but there is no getting away from the fact that when they begin to lose their tune they give rise to the wish that the driver had just a little horse-power in reserve. That is the trouble about the small motor—that it has no reserve of power, and unless it is kept up to concert pitch it does not "deliver the goods." Another drawback of the small motor is that when it is installed in a full-sized car it has to be geared down at the road wheels

On my advice they bought Morris-Cowleys, which have certainly done very well. The other day the head of the sales department told me that he had had a report from a provincial representative which showed that the running cost of his car, taken over three months, had worked out at 2·08d. per mile. I asked for the figures, and here they are—

	£	s.	d.
Interest on capital at 4 per cent.	1	15	0
Depreciation on 4 years' basis	8	15	0
Tax and driving license	3	13	11
Garage	3	5	0
Petrol (114 gals.)	10	15	10
Oil	1	17	2
Repairs and replacements	1	11	8
Total	£31	13	7

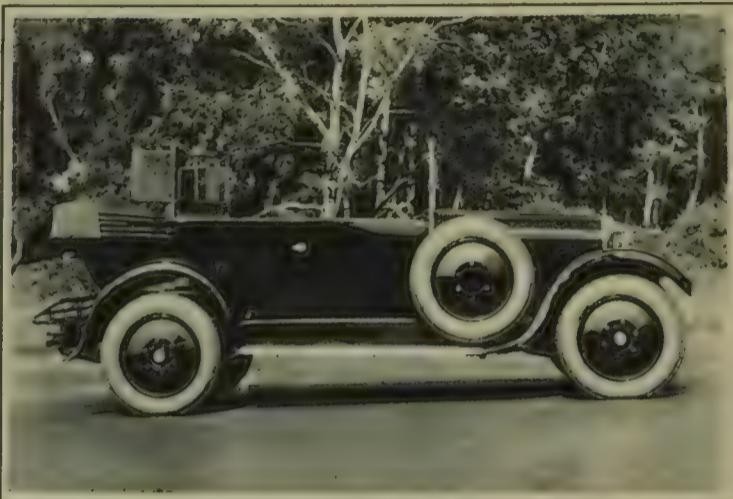
Mileage was 3400, and at this the figure per mile does work out at 2·08d. But it is totally misleading, because it fails to take note of depreciation of tyres, which is quite a different thing from depreciation of the car.

[Continued overleaf.]



WITH MR. F. W. SHORLAND, SALES MANAGER, AT THE WHEEL:
THE NEW 10-23-H.P. TALBOT SPORTS MODEL.

This car has been entered for numerous hill-climbs and speed trials, organised by the various automobile clubs in the South of England.



FOR USE IN SOUTH AFRICA: A FIVE-SEATER DODGE BROS. TOURING CAR SUPPLIED BY DODGE BROS. (BRITAIN), LTD., TO MAJOR INSKIP. The car has a standard English body, but is fitted with Michelin disc wheels and comfort cord tyres in place of standard wooden artillery wheels and 32-in. by 4-in. cord tyres. All the other equipment is standard, and includes automatic windscreens-wiper, driving mirror, licence-holder, eight-day clock, six-panel rear windscreens, folding luggage grid, and oil-retaining spring gaiters.



LEATHER COATS for the CAR

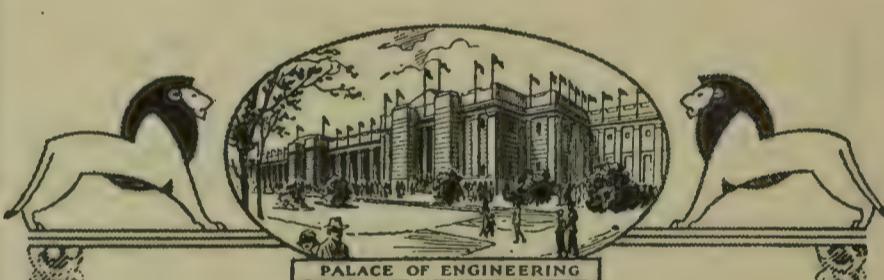
Leather Coats for Motoring wear, made with an eye to appearance as well as service, are a feature of our Weather Coat Dept. Two new models are here shown.

On Extreme Left.
Motoring Coat made in good quality Leather, lined throughout with fine wool frieze. Smart shape with collar and revers, inset sleeves and novel patch pockets. In Tan and Choco-lato **5½ Gns.**

On Near Left.
Smart Motor Coat in finest quality Leather, very soft and pliable, lined throughout with check fleece. Sleeves fitted with wind cuffs. Collar and cuffs smartly trimmed fine quality American Opossum. In Tan, Brown, Grey, Wine, Navy and Black. Trimmed rich quality Nutria, **11 Gns.**

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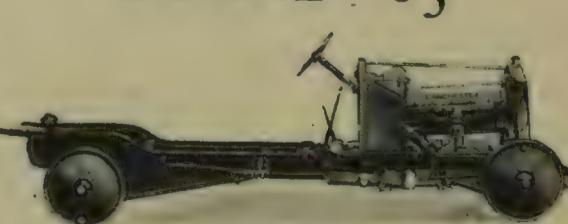


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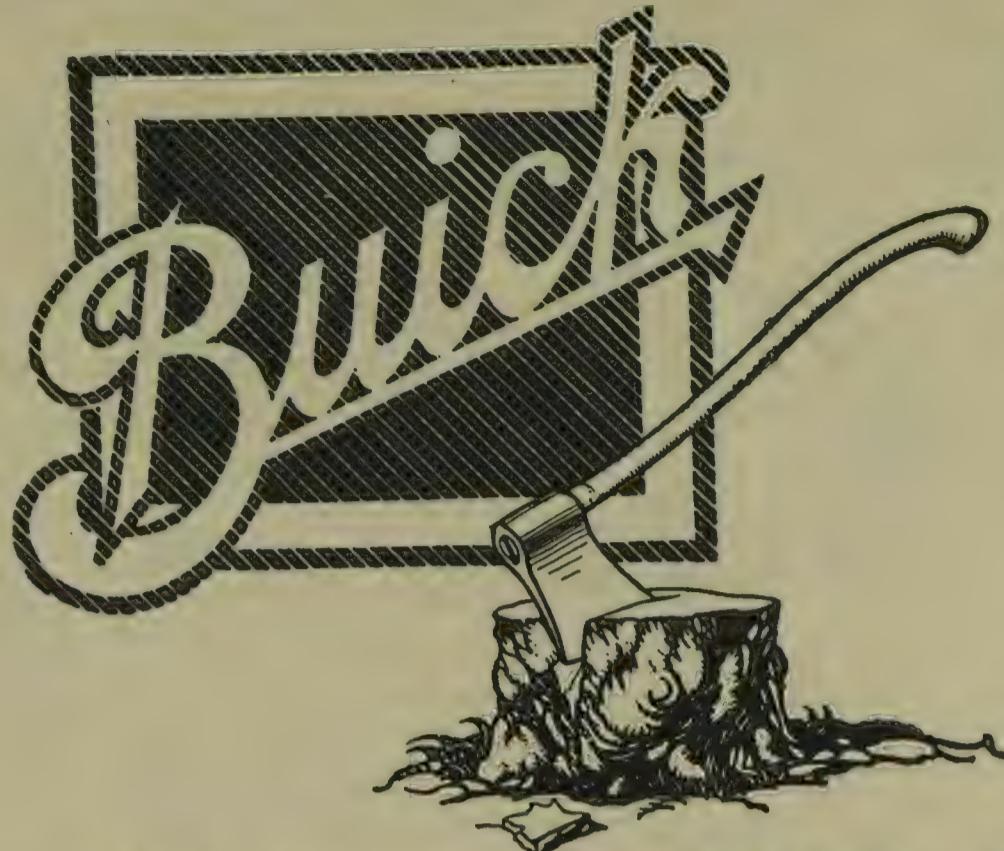


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Prices of the new 27 h.p. models on application.

Write for the name of your local Buick Dealer, who will gladly give you full particulars and a demonstration.



GENERAL MOTORS LTD.
THE HYDE, HENDON, N.W.9.

Continued.

the car and cannot be included in that, nor does it allow for the cost of insurance. Furthermore, the allowance of 4 per cent. on capital is not enough, but it is not so low as to have any serious effect on cost per mile, so we will let it pass. Now, taking the life of a set of tyres at 10,000 miles—which is quite generous enough—at the present cost this would add, roughly, 45d. per mile, while insurance again will account for another 25d. This brings our running cost figure up to 278d. per mile—a rather different figure. It is very low still, but this car has been lucky. Apparently it has not had to visit the repairer for any thing that matters, since the item under this head represents mainly a new carburettor jet to aid economy, a new set of plugs, and two small tyre repairs, as well as new lamp bulbs. It seems clear that the figures show the absolute minimum of running cost, and the experienced car-owner will easily gather that there are many other ways of spending money to keep the car going than those set forth above. Taking the year right round, I am confident my own estimate is not far out, assuming an average mileage per annum of something like five thousand miles, which is a very usual one where the car is used mainly for week-end and holiday trips.

"Listed" Hotels. A great deal of abuse is sometimes levelled at the motoring organisations on account of their alleged neglect to keep the managements of "listed" and recommended hotels up to the mark. I quite agree that very often these establishments leave a good deal to be desired in their standard of comfort, cooking, and cleanliness; but, after all, if such an hotel is the best in a particular town, I do not see where the alternative is. I do know that both the

R.A.C. and the A.A. do their best to ensure that things should be as they ought. The system followed by the A.A., for example, is that every hotel on its

it must be conceded that this is about all we can ask in reason. Further than this, every complaint made to the Association by one of its members is investigated at once, and where it is found that a serious complaint is well founded the hotel in question is removed from the list. If motorists, whether members or not, would bring their complaints before the organisation on whose list the hotel figures, instead of writing letters to the motoring journals, their protests would have much more effect.

A New Car I have been trying the Polish. Bromhead car

polish, which seems to be quite the best thing of its kind so far. Unlike the previous "best," the Bromhead is a single compound polish. That is, one does not have to go over the car with a cleaning compound first and apply the wax after. After the car is washed, the Bromhead wax is applied with a soft cloth and then polished with a clean duster. It removes all rain spots and blemishes, and brings up the surface like new. Rain does not affect it, and mud and dust can be simply wiped off without scratching the varnish. It is a really good thing.

To Remove An American Tar Stains. correspondent writes me to

say he has found an infallible way of removing tar spots from coach-work. He says that if the tar is smeared with common lard, which should be left on for half an hour, and then carefully wiped off with a soft rag, the tar will come with it, and will not leave a trace. If the tar has had time to become set and hard, the car should be stood out in the sun for long enough to soften the tar, and the lard then applied. It seems all right, but what is one to do in a climate like this, where there apparently is no sun?

W. W.



A PIONEER OF PHOTOGRAPHY COMMEMORATED BY THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY: A BRONZE PORTRAIT OF MR. W. H. FOX TALBOT UNVEILED AT THE OPENING OF THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

After the opening of the sixty-ninth annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, at 35, Russell Square, on September 13, Dr. G. H. Rodman unveiled in the library a bronze portrait of Mr. W. H. Fox Talbot, who was one of the pioneers of photography, and invented a process of obtaining positives from negatives. The portrait is the work of Mr. George Hawkings and his son, Mr. F. J. Hawkings.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Royal Photographic Society.

list is slept in at least once in the year by one of the assistant road managers. It is not often, I agree; but when the many hundreds of hotels listed are realised



Special Notice!

W E M B L E Y.

An experienced Professional Nurse is always in attendance at Benger's Food Stand. The public are cordially invited to avail themselves of the free advice in the preparation, etc., of Benger's Food for Infants, Invalids and the Aged.

Direction.—Enter the Palace of Industry by the Gate of Plenty, opposite Australia. The Food Section is on the left. Ask for Benger's Food Stand. The demonstrators are there to advise and help, and not to sell.

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Are you health worried?

Those who do not enjoy robust health are recommended to Benger's Food.

It gives digestive rest with full nourishment. Doctors agree that this in itself is one of the finest nerve restoratives.

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for INFANTS,
INVALIDS & the AGED.

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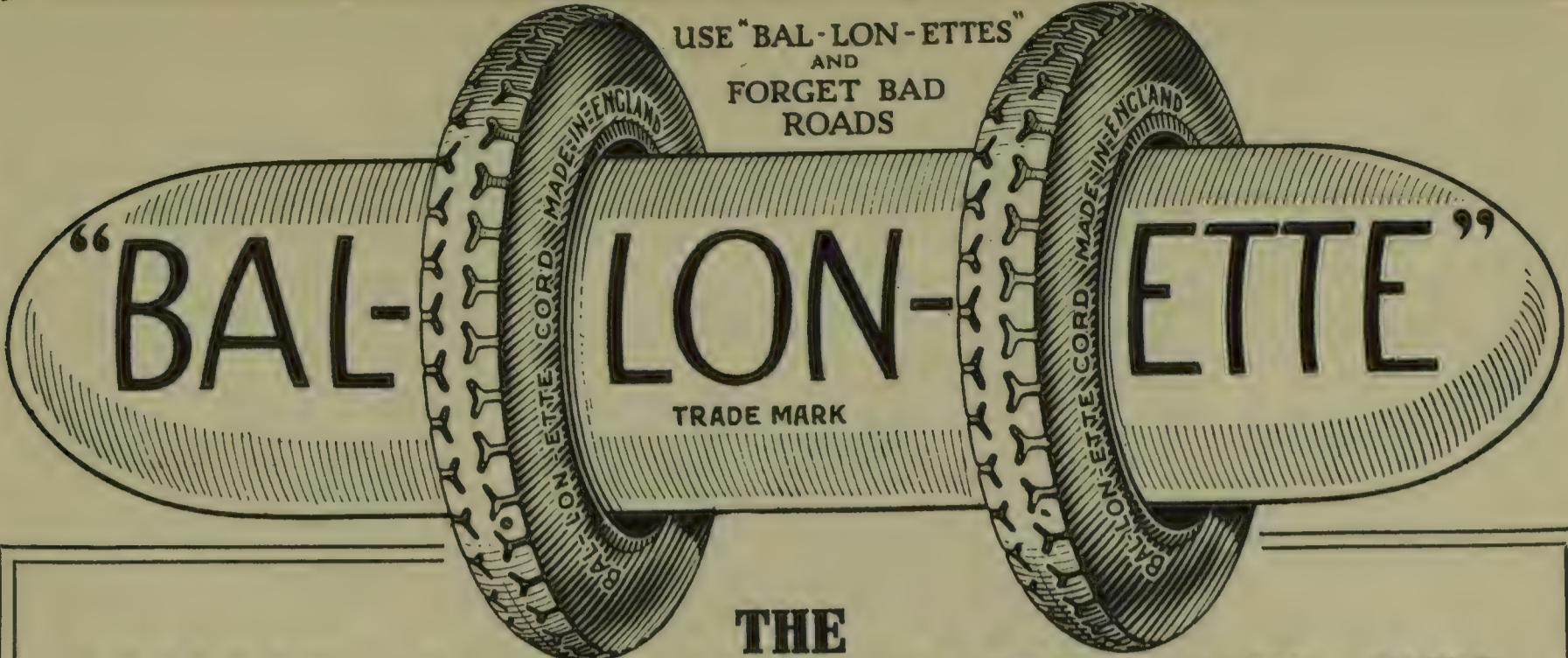
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The "BAL-LON-ETTE" yields exactly to the shape of the road over any inequality, so that the wheels revolve with the least possible loss of engine power between the tyre and the road.

14 Days' Free Offer

In order to convince you of the superiority of "Bal-lon-ette" low-pressure tyres over ordinary tyres we will sell you a set complete with wheels to fit your car. If you are not satisfied return them to us within 14 days and we will refund all your money, charging you only for the carriage incurred (if any). This is, of course, providing they are given fair wear and tear and have not been damaged by an accident.

What users say.

Bal-lon-ette—A Money-Saver.

"I have now had an opportunity of testing the Bal-lon-ettes thoroughly, and find them very satisfactory. There is undoubtedly a very marked difference in comfort. They should be greatly appreciated, however, as a 'money-saver' by the user, as I find a delightfully harmonious mechanical function throughout."—J. J. T., Baldock, 13'5"24.

One from the Trade.

"A member of the trade has fitted Bal-lon-ette tyres to his Jowett car and speaks highly of their reliability and comfort. No evident wear after 4000 miles of roads in Devon, Cornwall, and the North Country. Petrol consumption is 47 m.p.g., and the road holding is excellent."—Motor Trader, 20'8"24.

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"The improvement in riding comfort on my G.W.K. is very marked indeed. Really bad roads are now taken with speed and ease quite impossible with the old tyres. Everyone would fit Bal-lon-ette tyres if they realised the greater riding comfort obtained."—E. S., London, 7'4"24.

5,000 Miles—No Sign of Wear.

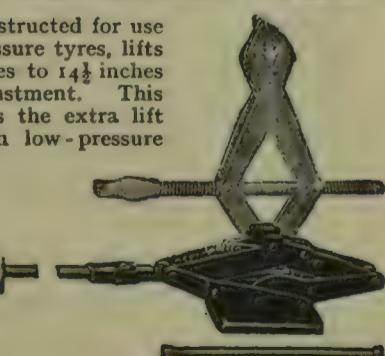
"I feel nothing but satisfaction for your tyres on my 11.9-h.p. Morris-Cowley. 5000 miles completed on all kinds of roads and show no signs of wear. Springing greatly improved, vibrations eliminated, violent shocks subdued. Your Bal-lon-ette tyres make an otherwise excellent car practically perfect."—B.I.M., Ltd., Bournemouth, 1/3/24.

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172, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.; 100, Victoria Street, Bristol; or 38, Grey
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while you wait; or write for full particulars to:

ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS LIMITED
ALMAGAM MILLS, HARPENDEN.

Fashions and Fancies.

Fashion Smiles on Corded Silk.

In the new wrap coats for the coming season, Dame Fashion has dexterously manipulated in a diversity of ways the familiar corded silk of our grandmothers' days. Ribs of different widths and panels, inset the reverse way, achieve very distinctive striped effects, for in these days everything must be striped or checked. To give the necessary warmth, the coats are lined with kasha or supple face-cloth velour. They are cut chiefly on straight, wrap-over lines, or boast the new fan-shaped flounce in front, often carried out in fur. There are many fascinating models of this genre to be studied at Harrods', Knightsbridge, S.W., who are responsible for those pictured on page 546. Chinchilla coney trims the coat of corded black silk at the top, and bands of musquash striped with ermine the black face-cloth coat with a graceful cape back on the extreme left. Another captivating model in these salons is a graceful affair of black satin with a quilted flounce in front shaped like an open fan.

Autumn Coats and Skirts.

Sketched on the same page are two delightful coats and skirts, which must also be placed to the credit of Harrods'. Black crépe bouclée trimmed with fur and narrow tapestry panels expresses one, and scarlet wool repp the other, the skirt being carried out in harmonising stripes. A distinctive suit for every occasion in black face-cloth trimmed with white coney can be obtained for 10½ guineas, and gaily checked tweed coats and skirts are 10 guineas, trimmed with mouton. For sports wear there are some distinctive tunic suits in bouclée for 8½ guineas, the tunic cut in the fashionable Russian length, and checked tweed coats and skirts bound with suède are obtainable for the same amount.

Motoring Coats and Wraps.

Motoring is a distinctly chilly pastime unless one is well wrapped up, and every ardent motorist will revel in the cosy fleece lined leather coat portrayed on the right, which hails from Gamage's, Holborn, E.C. It

is double-breasted, fitted with storm collar and cuffs, and fastens simply with a neat buckle. The price is 7 guineas, and 5 guineas secures a useful undercoat of leather to slip beneath an ordinary coat or waterproof. An excellent investment, too, is a double-breasted coat of imitation leather, guaranteed waterproof, which may be secured

for 48s. 6d. in several shades. Gabardine raincoats, lined throughout with shot twill, are always indispensable in the autumn. These range from 38s. 6d. upwards; and those who prefer a mackintosh will rejoice to hear that the featherweight affair pictured on this page costs only 18s. 6d., and weighs no more than 19 oz.!

Schoolgirl Fashions.

Parents are in the midst of a whirlwind of shopping before the family return to

school next week, and they must not neglect to visit Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W., who have a splendid department devoted to the needs of the schoolgirl. There are neat, perfectly tailored coats and skirts in real homespun, which will give yeoman service, obtainable for 5 guineas, fitting girls of fourteen to seventeen years; and wrap coats in warm corded materials, collared with beaver coney, are 5½ guineas, in the same sizes, cut with useful patch pockets. For the schoolroom, a simple frock in navy-wool marocain edged with braid and boasting a tucked apron skirt and tiny pocket, is an excellent investment for 5 guineas. Shoes specially designed for growing feet are another important item; and patent Cromwell slippers with large buckles range from 16s. 9d., and low-heeled box calf shoes for hard wear are 21s. 9d.; sizes 2 to 7. The needs of smaller brothers and sisters still in the nursery are studied with equal care by this firm, and complete outfits for children and layettes can be obtained at pleasantly moderate prices. An illustrated brochure giving full particulars will be sent on application.

Novelties of the Week.

Just now, women are continually lamenting the redness and hardness of their

complexions, resulting from strenuous holidays. An excellent bleaching cream, which will quickly remove this unbecoming tint, can be obtained for 3s., and the same price secures a pasteurised cream which cleanses, freshens, and gives a soft resiliency to the most hardened skin. On application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address where these useful preparations may be obtained.



Fine October days are ideal for motoring provided one is well protected from the wind, and here are two practical wraps from Gamage's, Holborn, E.C. On the right is a fleece-lined coat of tan chrome leather, and on the left a reliable featherweight mackintosh.

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and note how well you sleep, and
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Mr. Albert Turner, The Green, Hersham, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, says: "I had been ailing for ten years and was just a bundle of nerves, with no spirit or energy. I was so depressed that I was afraid to be left alone, and suffered terribly from sleeplessness. I would drop off to sleep when I got into bed, but in half-an-hour I would wake again, and afterwards be awake for hours. For years I was like this, and during the whole time was taking medicine of one kind or another, but nothing did me any good. Then I obtained Cassell's Tablets, and I believe they saved my life. I soon began to improve, and now I think I must be the fittest and healthiest man in the world."

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CENTRO MERCANTIL (Sevilla).—There is unfortunately a second solution to your neat little problem by: 1. Q to K 8th K to K 3rd; 2. Kt to Q 8th Anything; 3. B or Q mates.

T W WIGAN (Knapshill).—Your last contribution is quite satisfactory, and we consider your own criticism of it to be a very fair and sensible one.

L W CAFFERATA (Farndon).—Problem to hand with thanks. Please do not think, however, it supersedes the earlier one we have of yours.

REV. W SCOTT (Elgin).—In your exhaustive solution of No. 3938, you have omitted to say what happens if Black play 1. — P takes Kt.

HOWARD STAUNTON (Oregum, India).—Thanks for the game, which shall have our careful consideration.

REV. J C SCRIMGEOUR, D.D. (Calcutta).—Your maiden venture is a perfectly successful one, and we trust you will be encouraged to try again.

T O POYNTON (London, W.1).—We presume the marks of interrogation that embellish your postcard refer to the solution of No. 3938 which they enshrine. You were quite right to put them there: you have failed to consider the variation 1. — P takes Kt.

M BEACH (Milton Bridge).—Your last composition shows some advance; but Black is not given sufficient play in his defence, owing to the overwhelming strength of White's first move. Besides this, P to the 4th mates at once, while Kt takes Kt (dis. ch) also provides a solution.

J M K LUPTON (Richmond). Of your last batch of problems, we like No. 2 best, and No. 1 least. Would you care to use the latter elsewhere?

E M VICARS (Norfolk).—A more difficult problem than any we are in the habit of handling is imposed upon us by your kindly meant card. We must either blush like a lobster or bid base flattery avaunt, and we do not know how to do either.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—We are sorry we have mislaid your emanation of the last two-mover you sent us. May we trouble you to repeat it?

F J FALWELL (Caterham). You will find your solution of No. 3937 has been duly acknowledged subject to a mistake which we are sorry escaped notice.

F H WARD (Bexhill).—There is a compliment implied in your complaint which we much appreciate. Its cause, however, is beyond our control.

E BOSWELL (Lancaster).—Thanks for your very interesting letter. For us, too, in days long gone by, four and five movers held no terrors; but now—*quantum mutatus ab illo!*

(Leicester), J M K Lupton (Richmond), R B Pearce (Harrisburgh), C B S (Canterbury), W N Powell (Ledbury), R P Nicholson (Crayke), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), A W Hamilton-Gill (Exeter), Hugh Nicholson (Ottley), M Beach (Milton Bridge), and F J Falwell (Caterham).

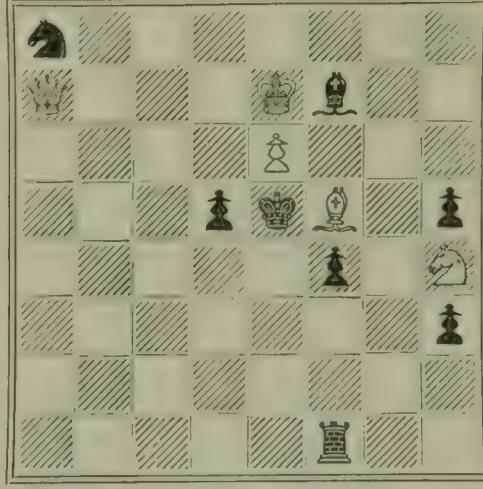
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3938.—BY C. R. B. SUMNER.

WHITE BLACK
1. Q to K 8th Anything.
2. Mates accordingly.

Assuming White claimed in each case the least possible force required for mating, this problem presents the promotion of the same Pawn to Rook, Bishop, or Knight, according to Black's defence. Apart from this, although easy, it has some interesting points, and has evoked many expressions of praise. It is curious, moreover, that several good solvers have proposed 1. P Queens as a solution.

PROBLEM NO. 3940.—BY W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



We regret our notice of the successful meeting of the British Chess Federation at Southport must be limited to the record of its results, although some acknowledgment ought to be made of the hospitality of the town, and the energy of the executive, by which the Congress was made one of the most enjoyable yet held. The return of Mr. Atkins to the honour of a championship he first won nearly twenty years ago also merits particular mention. The prizes were won as follows: Championship tournament—1st, H. E. Atkins, 8½; 2nd, F. D. Yates, 8; 3rd, Sir G. A. Thomas, 7½. Ladies' Championship—1st, Miss Price, 9; 2nd, Mrs. R. H. Stevenson, 8. Major Open Tournament—1st, A. Rubinstein, 11; 2nd, J. A. J. Drewitt, 8; 3rd, G. W. Moses, 7½. First Class Tournament—A section, C. R. Rurhill, 10; B section, J. H. Morrison, 9.

On Sept. 1, at the ripe age of eighty-four years, there quietly passed away, in the person of Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the greatest master English chess has known. To the present generation, perhaps,

he has been but the shadow of a great name, for chess, like other sports, demands the vigour of youth for its successful pursuit; but to those whose memories or whose studies carry them back half a century or more, he was the one outstanding figure of the game, and, to his contemporaries chess-players, much what Dr. W. G. Grace was to cricketers of the same period. In his prime—say, between his thirtieth and fortieth years—he was the foremost tourney player in the world, when even to defeat him required an "immortal" game for that achievement, and when no tournament was considered worth attention in which he did not take part. A style of play founded in the school of Morphy was the efficacious instrument of his success, and in the variety of opposing temperaments he found a stimulus to his inventive genius that carried him brilliantly to the front through every difficulty. It was only in match play he strangely failed, for when confined to the monotony of meeting a single opponent like Steinitz or Zukertort, his powers seemed paralysed, and against the new tactics they were inaugurated his "little bits of Morphy" refused to materialise. If, however, he broke down in this respect, in the domain of blindfold play he stood easily supreme. There were other famous blindfold performers in his day, but none approached him in the ease, the freedom, and the brilliance with which he undertook his task. His knowledge of each individual board under these conditions was extraordinary. Many stories have been told about his feats in this respect; one may be mentioned here for which the writer can vouch. The blindfold player was conducting a simultaneous exhibition against eight members of the City of London Chess Club. Sitting chatting and joking with his friends about him, a move was called Kt to Kt sq. Blackburne almost immediately replied: "Now Black's Knights have exchanged squares." Investigation proved this to be correct. What other player, even over an open board, would have noticed such an occurrence? It is safe to say that as long as English chess endures his name and fame will not be forgotten, and the brilliancy of his exploits will continue to delight until the game itself has vanished from the amusements of mankind.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in an exhibition of simultaneous blindfold play, by Mr. A. ALEXHINE, on twenty-six boards, at the Hotel Alamac, New York. The Black pieces were played by Mr. A. FRIESEN.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. A.) BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th P takes P
3. P to Q B 3rd P to Q 4th

The simplest and best possible defence, especially against the peculiar attacking qualifications of the Russian master.

4. K P takes P Q takes P
5. P takes P B to Kt 5th (ch)

Kt to Q B 3rd is the better reply. The more complicated the game can be kept, the more difficult it becomes for the blindfold player.

6. Kt to B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
8. B to K 2nd B takes Kt (ch)
9. P takes B Castles
10. Castles P to Q Kt 3rd
11. P to B 4th Q to Q sq
12. P to Q 5th Kt to K 2nd
13. Kt to Q 4th B to Kt 2nd
14. B to Kt 2nd P to B 3rd
15. B to K B 3rd P takes P
16. R to K sq R to K sq

18.

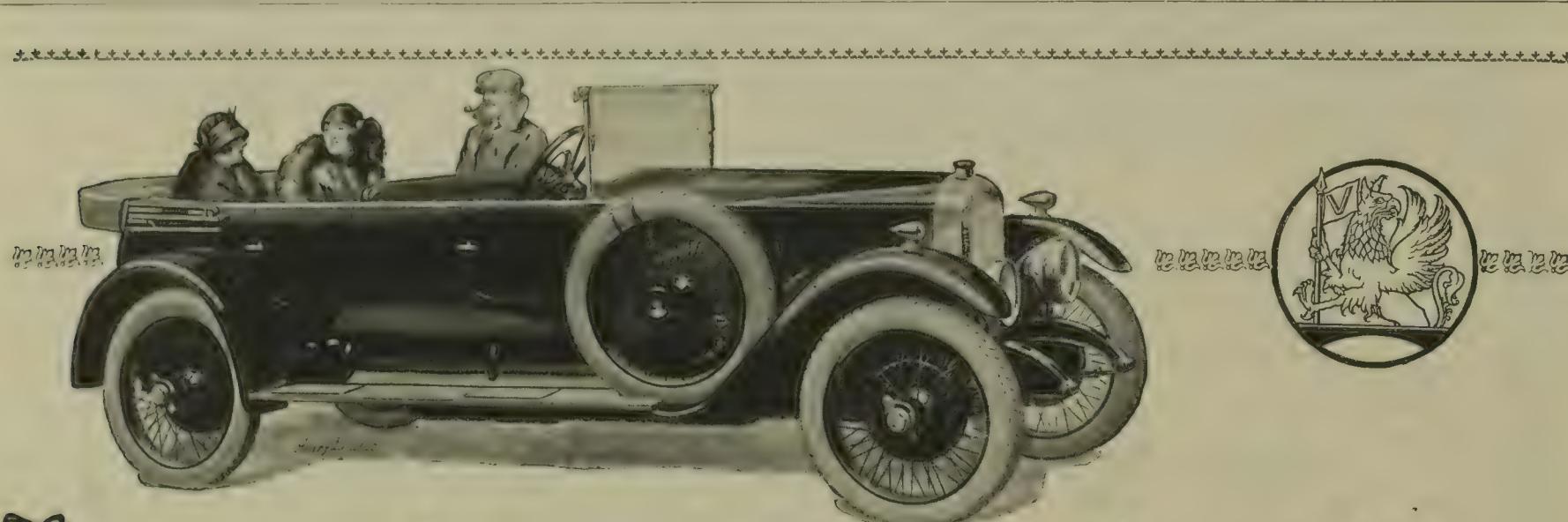
Kt to Kt 3rd
Black had to guard against 19. R takes Kt, R takes R;
20. Kt to B 5th and wins; but he should have found a better move than this. Probably P to K R 3rd is the best reply available.

19. Kt to B 5th R takes R (ch)
20. R takes R P takes P
21. B takes D R takes B
22. B takes Kt P takes B

And White mates in three moves. He further pointed out that if Q takes B instead, the following beautiful mate in four resulted: 23. R to K 8th (ch)
Kt to B sq; 24. Kt to R 6th (ch)
Q takes Kt; 25. R takes Kt (ch)
K takes R; 26. Q to Q 8th mate.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3935 received from George Parbury (Singapore), and Howard Staunton (Obregon); of No. 3935 from H M Marker (Porbander, India), and R D Dupuis (Chitral, India); of No. 3936 from H F Marker (Porbander), Rev. J C Scrimgeour, D.D. (Calcutta), and R D Dupuis (Chitral); and of No. 3737 from R S S (Cairo), E M Vicars (Norfolk), J Fowler (Arundel), J M K Lupton (Richmond), M. Brinkenhoff (New York), A D Meares (Baltimore), and J E Houseman (Chicoutmi, Canada).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3938 received from Semper Ideim (New Southgate), C H Watson (Masham), H W Satow (Bangor), Albert Taylor (Shetfield), J P Smith (Cricklewood), J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Wilows), R B N (Tewkesbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), S Caldwell (Hove), A Edmaston (Worley), L W Cafferata (Farndon), J Fowler (Arundel), E M Vicars (Norfolk), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), J Hunter



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hitherto. You have four-wheel braking by simple cable-operated front brakes linked up with the famed Vauxhall transmission brake; you have an independent brake for the rear wheels only: you have thus two sets of brakes for two sets of brake-drums, and by alternately using them the risk of over-heating the drums on very long, steep hills is avoided.

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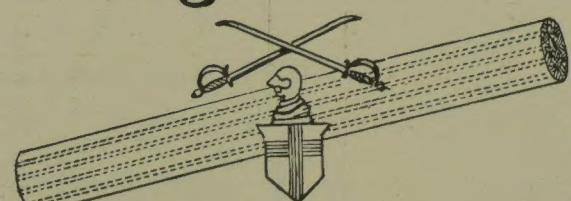
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THE PLAYHOUSES. (Continued from page 554.)

which belongs to the type of drawing-room melodrama which Henry Hamilton and Claude Carton used to write a quarter of a century ago. The story, which deals with the return of the missing heir, may still survive in the novel, which can cover the dry bones of the theme with a sort of simulacrum of flesh. But in a play presented to—may we say?—the intelligent audiences of 1924, the melodramatic skeleton is revealed in all its naked deformity. To find Mr. Leon Quartermaine, after the fine work he has done in "Secrets" and "Hassan" and in one of Tchekov's plays, being required to impersonate so characterless a part as that of the hero of "The Claimant," is rather depressing, for it is the sort of Braddon-like rôle which Tree would have chosen at the very beginning of his managerial career. As the cousin who is so idiotically willing to hand over the Tunstall fortune to the more or less fraudulent claimant, Miss Fay Compton is even in worse case. She has scarcely anything to do at all. The play, it is only fair to add, is effective enough in its transpontine way; but it ought to be staged at the Lyceum, not at the Queen's.

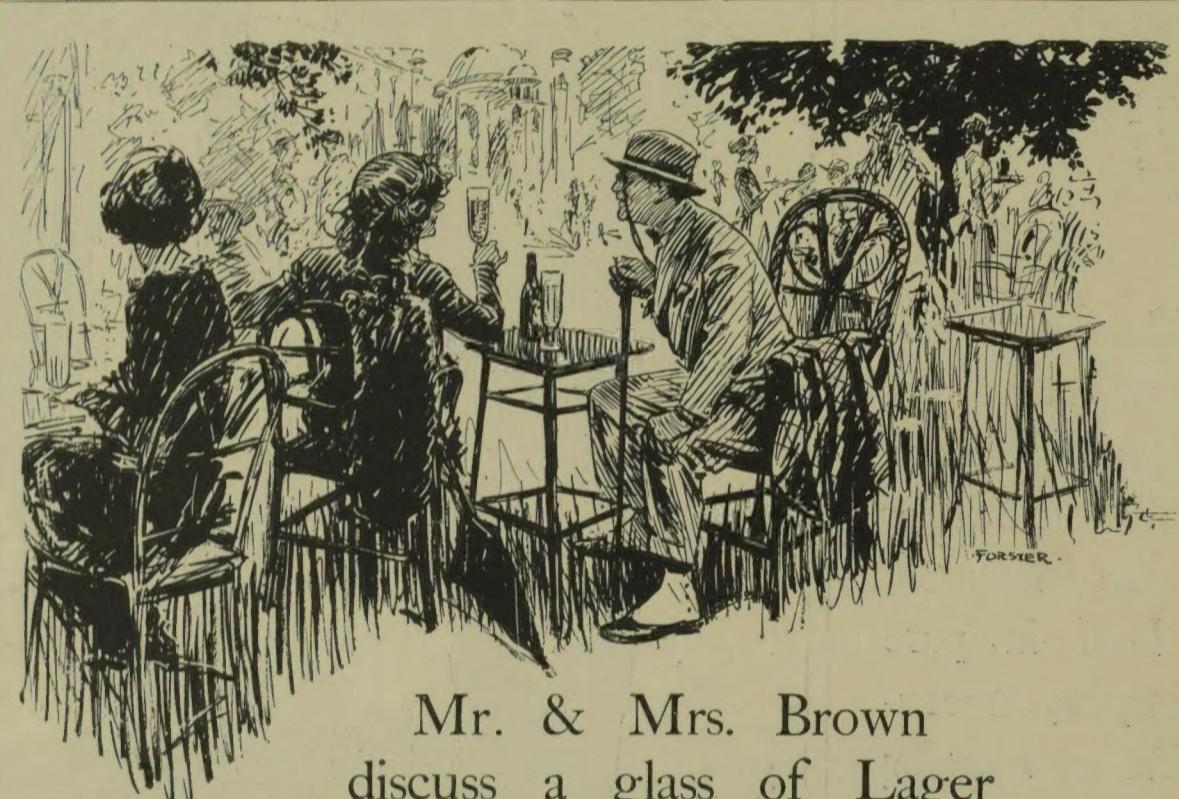
"PRIMROSE." AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

The new musical comedy at the Winter Garden Theatre ought to do well, if sprightly music, pretty dresses, the dancing of Miss Heather Thatcher and the comic genius of Mr. Leslie Henson count for anything. True, the charming and shapely Miss Dorothy Dickson no longer figures in the cast; and it would be the merest affectation to say that her place is completely filled by that pretty and dainty newcomer, Miss Margery Hicklin. Still, Mr. Henson in his many disguises—he impersonates, for instance, a German spiritualist and a policeman—is so very funny with his legs, with his face, and with his patter, and Miss Thatcher is so handsome, so dashing, and so aplomb, that the comic side of the show may fairly be said to compare favourably with anything of the kind now being presented on the London stage. Nor is the sentimental side weak. On the contrary, it is unusually strong; for Mr. Percy Heming, the baritone hero, sang remarkably well, and Miss Hicklin at least looks the heroine to perfection. One missed, of course, Mr. Grossmith in his customary part of the overdressed "blood," and one felt, on the first night, that a piece which lasted till almost midnight needed

cutting. But doubtless by this time the curtain falls promptly at eleven o'clock; in which case our advice to all who want to spend a jolly evening is, "Be sure you don't miss 'Primrose'!"

On September 16 the Italian Ministry of Education announced that Dr. di Martino Fusco had been interrogated at Naples, and that apparently he had not found the codices of Livy, but only *data* relative to them. He contradicted the statements attributed to him in the "Leipziger Tageblatt."

We have pleasure in announcing that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has graciously accepted the invitation of the President, Sir Harold Bowden, and Committee of the Motor and Cycle Trades' Benevolent Fund to be present at the Annual Banquet of the Fund to be held at the Connaught Rooms, on Tuesday, the 18th November. A record subscription list is expected, Sir Harold Bowden opening it with a donation of £1000. We believe that this is the first time that a similar function in connection with either of the two trades has been honoured by the presence of royalty.



Mr. & Mrs. Brown discuss a glass of Lager

VI. The Summing-up

"It's wonderful," said Henry Brown, withdrawing his face from the sunlit glass he was holding and pointing to the variegated Wembley throng that passed and repassed before his table.

"And is it not a solemn thought," said Mrs. Brown, "that in almost every country of the world Lager Beer is being consumed at this moment—except, of course, where they've got Prohibition or it's breakfast-time."

"I don't see that either case need be entirely ruled out," observed Henry. "Anyhow, our little discussion has made it clear that throughout the civilised globe Lager Beer is a favourite drink with both sexes, as it has now happily become in our own country. And from my own experience of many lands I can honestly affirm that for flavour and condition the finest Continental Lagers are not superior to Barclay's. In fact—"

"In fact," concluded his wife, "we've never tasted better Lager anywhere than this, and we don't believe we ever shall."

"Amen to that," said Henry as he emptied his glass.

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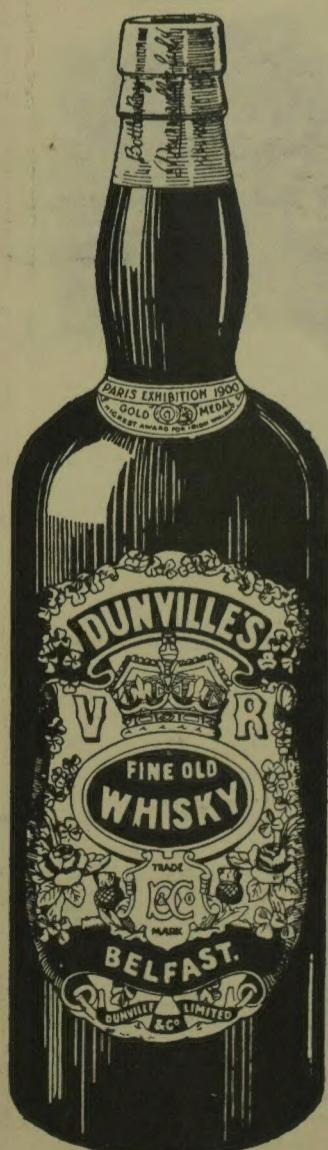
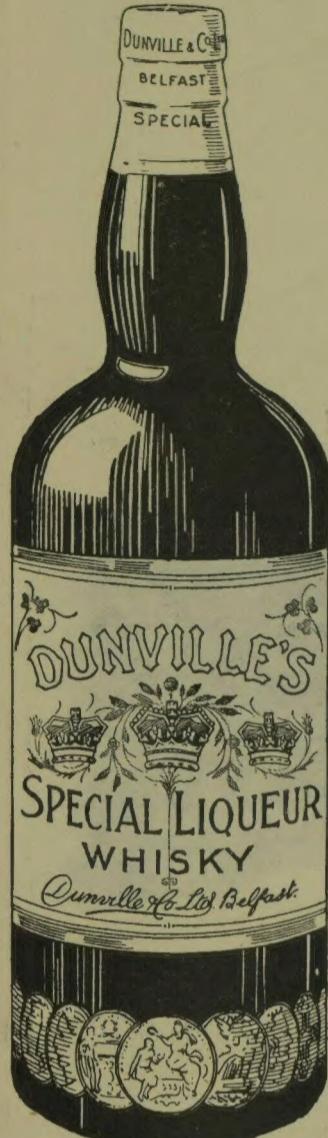
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